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Affairs of State.

By Burton E. Stevenson

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CHAPTER V.

Tellier Takes a Hand.

The Prince continued his walk to the limits of the beach, with Jax trotting humbly at his heels; then he returned slowly to the hotel and mounted to his apartment.

"That will do, Gluck," he said, as he gave him his hat and gloves. "Don't let me be disturbed."

And Gluck, with his imperturbable mahogany face, silently withdrew to mount guard without the door.

The Prince sat down, lighted a cigarette, and stared moodily out of the window, down upon the shifting crowd which still thronged the beach. His hand, hanging inert by his side, became suddenly the receptacle for a moist nose.

"Ah, Jax; and did she pat you on the head, old boy?' he asked. "And are you properly proud?"

Jax wiggled his remnant of a tail.

"Would you like to belong to her, Jax, and get patted every day? Yet she wouldn't take you—snapped me off short as that stump of yours when I offered you to her. Why was that, Jax?"

Jax couldn't say, not being familiar with the ways of fair Americans, and the Prince patted him softly on his nobby crown.

"Just the same, she was a beauty, Jax; slim, straight, full of fire—a thoroughbred; and with a sense of humor, my dear, which you will find in not many women. Did you notice her cheeks, Jax, and her eyes? But of course not; you were very properly groveling before her. And I owe you eternal gratitude, old boy; but for you, I'd have stalked past without seeing her. That would have been a pity, wouldn't it?"

There was a knock at the door and Gluck's head appeared.

"I thought I told you," began the Prince—

"Your Highness will pardon me," explained Gluck, quickly, "but there is a man here who insists that Your Highness will see him.'

"Who is he?"

"This is his card, Your Highness," and Gluck entered the room. "I have sent it back once, saying Your Highness was not to be disturbed. He returned it, insisting——'

Markeld took the card, glanced at it, and read:

"M. Andre Tellier,
Paris. Agent du Service de Surete."

Beneath this was a penciled line—Concerning the question of the succession."

The Prince stared at it a moment in some astonishment, not unmixed with irritation. What could this fellow know concerning the succession? It was most probably simply an impertinence. The Paris police were famous for impertinences.

Gluck started for the door; since his master's boyhood he had watched over him, attended him—he could read his countenance like an open book. The Prince glanced up.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I go to tell the imbecile that Your Highness will not see him,' responded Gluck, impassively, his hand on the knob.

The Prince smiled. He had a great fondness for his old retainer.

"Wait,' he said. "We must not permit ourselves to be governed by first impressions, nor swayed by prejudice. It is just possible that this fellow has something to tell me which I ought to hear. I can't afford to disregard any chance. So inform M. Tellier that I will see him," and he lighted a fresh cigarette resignedly.

As he watched the smoke turn gray in the sunlight, it suddenly occurred to him that, in some unaccountable manner, the question of the succession had receded somewhat into the background; it no longer seemed to him of such overwhelming consequence; at least, he had not been thinking of it a moment before, but of something very different—

There appeared at the door a figure which drew a stare of surprise from Markeld, accustomed as he was to eccentric habiliment. It was arrayed in a long, mouse-gray frock coat and shiny black trousers; a hand gloved in lavender kid carried a top hat, while the other caressed, from time to time, the carefully waxed mustachios and imperial adorning a countenance which was a singular mixture of craft and vanity. The little eyes were half-concealed under drooping, baggy lids, the nose was long and sharp, the lips very thin and severe, though at this moment parted in a smile meant to be ingratiating. The figure entered and bowed profoundly, disclosing Gluck's disgusted face in the doorway.

"Monsieur Tellier?" asked the Prince.

Tellier bowed again, and the Prince noticed the white line of scalp leading, with geometrical precision, from the brow to the bald spot on the crown, and then on down the back of the head. It reminded him, somehow, of the Lake of Constance, with the Rhine flowing through it.

"You have something to communicate?" he continued, repressing a smile.

"Something of the first importance, Your Highness,' said the Frenchman; 'otherwise I should not have taken the liberty of disturbing Your Highness.'

"Very well,' and the Prince motioned him to a chair. "Sit down. I shall be glad to hear you."

"It is something," said the Frenchman, with a glance at the open door, "which should be communicated, if Your Highness please, in confidence."

"Gluck, shut the door," commanded the Prince. "Now, my dear sir, proceed."

"Your Highness is, of course aware," began the detective, sitting down with a back very straight, and drooping his lids until his eyes were almost closed, "that France is deeply interested in this question of the succession, and that it sympathies are wholly with Prince Ferdinand, the cousin of Your Highness, and whom I understand, Your Highness represents."

Markeld nodded.

"We should naturally expect France's sympathy," he said.

"France," proclaimed Tellier, raising his chin proudly, "is always on the side of justice and decency."

"More especially," continued the drily, "when the Emperor of Germany happens to be on theother side. Come now, confess—if the Emperor were for us, you would be against us—it is not so?"

Tellier permitted the faintest shadow of a smile to flicker across his lips.

"Your Highness speaks with a bluntness disconcerting," he said, deprecatingly.

"I wished merely to clear the air," said the Prince, "and to prick at the outset the bubble with which you were trying to dazzle me. Let me assure you that we thoroughly understand France's attitude in this matter. She is on our side simply because she sees an opportunity of humiliating through us, an old enemy."

"At least," said Tellier, "Your Highness agrees that we are on your side—the reasons for this attitude do not concern me. I only know that we are anxious to do all we can to help Your Highness's cause. Consequently, when it was learned that Lord Vernon was was coming to this place the Department of State, fearing some duplicity, asked that a competent man be sent here to—to——"

"Keep an eye out for developments," said the Prince, seeing that the other hesitated for a word, "and to watch for an opportunity of forcing England's hand."

"Precisely, Your Highness; and my superiors did me the honour of selecting me for this delicate task."

"A wise choice, I do not doubt," said the Prince, gravely. That Tellier had any important revelation to make he did not in the least believe; but there seemed a chance of extracting some amusement from the situation—and time was hanging heavily on his hands—would hang heavily until the hour of the promenade tomorrow.

"I hope to prove it so, Your Highness!,' cried the detective, flushing with pleasure at the compliment. "In fact. I think that I may say I have already proved it so!"

"Ah!" said the Prince, and lighted another cigarette.

"I arrived soon after Your Highness; I took a wagon from Zunderburg, rather than lose precious time by waiting for the train of this afternoon. I was very weary, for the journey from Paris is a trying one; but before seeking repose, indeed without even permitting myself to think of my own fatigue, I ascertained that Lord Vernon occupied apartment B de luxe, and Your Highness apartment A de luxe, in this hotel."

"Indeed!" said the Prince.

"I naturally took care at once to secure a room here, since it was of the first importance that I should be in a position to see anything that might occur."

"Naturally," agreed the Prince.

"Though it was very difficult, since every room was taken. For another man, it would have been impossible."

"But for you, I see, nothing is impossible," observed the Prince.

"Very few things, Your Highness," agreed Tellier, modestly. "In this case I had but to speak a single word," and he paused with an air of triumph.

"Wonderful!" cried the Prince, and clapped his hands softly. "Some day I must get you to teach me that word. It must be very useful. Well, what next?"

"An hour's rest," Tellier continued, "and I was myself again. I soon made the acquaintance of a chamber maid—a girl who keeps her eyes open—and I learned many things——"

"It was not to tell me them that you came here, I trust," interposed the Prince. "I care little for backstairs gossip."

"Oh, not at all! As Your Highness says, they would, most probably, not interest you. But to one in my profession, no fact is uninteresting; no occurrence is too trivial to be noticed."

"Well, get on to your story, then," said the Prince, with some impatience.

"Just after luncheon today, Your Highness walked on the beach," said Tellier, "accompanied by the dog yonder."

Jax growled softly as he caught the Frenchman's eye, which pleased him no more than it had Gluck.

"That is true," agreed the Prince. "What of it?"

"The dog attacked a small spaniel, which sought refuge with two ladies, one of whom picked it up."

"All ancient history, I assure you, Monsieur Tellier. Yet, wait a moment. Do you happen to know who the ladies were?"

"They are sisters," said Tellier. "Their name is Rushford; their father is a tall American, who incessantly smokes a cigar and reads a newspaper in the office of the hotel. If Your Highness wishes, I can make further inquiries."

"Not at all!" cried the Prince, violently. "I won't countenance such impertinence! Go on with the story."

Tellier bowed to indicate the most implicit obedience.

"It happened that I was near by," he said, "at the moment of the encounter. I had taken my stand near a large beach-chair, which, for reasons, interested me. I was nonchalant, impassive; alert, without seeming to be so. Many of the women passing I had met upon the boulevards under circumstances the most peculiar; concerning many of the men I knew more than they would wish the world to know. Seeing me standing there, some of them turned pale, other grew red with emotion. Some by endeavoring to appear not to have seen me; others threw me appealing glances. Never, by the quiver of a lash, did I show that I recognized them. I stood and waited—like the Sphinx."

"For what?" inquired the Prince, whose sense of humor had returned to him.

"For the denouement, Your Highness. I knew that, sooner or later, it would come. I knew it could not escape me, Tellier—the evidence of duplicity which I was seeking."

"But," objected the Prince, "what duplicity can there be? If Lord Vernon is ill——"

"Your highness will pardon me for interrupting; but much depends upon that 'if.' If, on the other hand, the illness is only for the moment assumed——"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Markeld. "What reason could he have for assuming illness? That would be childish!"

The Frenchman smiled a self-satisfied smile as he softly caressed his imperial, and his little eyes glowed with anticipated triumph.

"Let us deal with the facts first, if Your Highness will permit, and with reasons afterwards. I was, then, standing by the chair in the attitude which I have described, when your dog appeared and attacked the spaniel. As the young lady stooped and picked it up, your dog sprang against her, frightening her so that she cried aloud."

"And you stood by without offering to assist her?" demanded the Prince, with some indignation.

"There was no need, Your Highness," responded Tellier, easily. "In the first place, she was, of course, in no real danger. In the second place, I perceived instantly that fate was playing into my hands. In fact, the incident could not have been more apropos if it had been arranged by my guardian angel. For from the chair beside which I was stationed a man sprang out and kicked the dog away. Your Highness must have remarked his agility and strength—may even have seen his face."

"No," said the Prince. "I was not near enough to see it distinctly."

"I saw it, Your Highness, very distinctly, and I asure you that it was that of a man in the full enjoyment of health. Even from his agility, Your Highness could doubtless judge whether the man was seriously ill."

The Prince hitched about in his chair a little impatiently. He was beginning to find the Frenchman tedious.

"Most certainly he was not seriously ill," he agreed; "nor, I should say, even slightly so. What is that to me? Pray have done with this mystery!"

Tellier's face was glowing with all a Frenchman's pride in a coup de theatre—his moment of triumph had arrived.

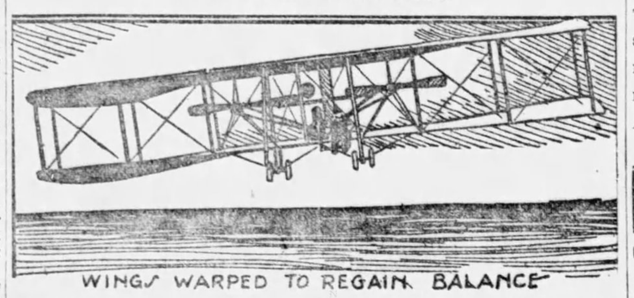
"Of all the eyes which witnessed that episode seemingly so slight and so unimportant," he said, proudly, "mine were the only ones which saw its full significance. Your Highness will, no doubt, be surprised when I inform you that this gentleman, so agile and so athletic, was no other than Lord Vernon!"

(To be Continued.)

MODERN AEROPLANES

Burgess-Wright Biplane

DESCRIBED BY WM. B. STOUT.



WINGS WARPED TO REGAIN BALANCE

THE news of Atwood's flying over New York City, circling the skyscraper district and landing on Governor's Island, and later of his flight to Washington and his visit to the President, was the first that many people knew of the existence of any such flying machine as the Burgess-Wright.

The machine is a copy of the standard Wright machine as built by a famous firm of boat builders in the east, the differences between the eastern product and the real Wright flyer being only in details, as the power plant, propellers and transmission system of the Burgess machine are bought direct from the Wright factory and used under license.

The public is fairly familiar with the Wright type of machine, so that no detailed description of the great double surfaced touring mount which holds all American records for American machines is necessary.

The Wrights build their own motor and, in fact, every part of their biplane in their own factory at Dayton.

As it first appeared, the Wright machine had no tail, but an elevator at the front, movable to steer up and down and extremely sensitive. This later was supplemented by a tail at the rear behind the rudders, and after a trial of this for a time the elevator was left off entirely, leaving the pilot out in front with nothing behind him and a clear vision of what was before him except for the skids sticking out in front.

The Wrights have always used two propellers driven by chains from the main motor shaft. One of the chains is crossed so that the propellers rotate in opposite directions.

By this method the propellers do not need to rotate at such a high speed as where there is but a single one on the shaft of the motor direct, as in most other types, the slower speed making for much greater efficiency in the propellers and doing away at the same time with the gyroscopic force of a rapidly rotating wheel.

The wheels rotating in opposite directions in the Wright flier entirely eliminate this gyroscopic force which has been so dangerous to aviators.

On the other hand there is a certain danger in the event of one propeller or the other breaking, and thus varying the thrust and throwing it all to one side.

For efficiency, it is doubtful if any flying machine equals the Wright, for its motor is of less power than that of nearly every other machine, and yet the biplane climbs at as steep if not a steeper angle than any other.

Working out the angle of climbing, the weight and the horsepower, and reducing it to figures, shows an efficiency of the Wright machines close to 50 per cent, which is high for this stage of the game.

About the most interesting part of this machine is the system of control.

The main wings are made in sections and the outer sections on either side are wired up in a fashion so that they are left flexible and can be twisted or warped by a lever in the operator's hands, and yet are rigid to all wind effect.

Thus by working the lever in his hand the pilot can twist the wings so that the right one will give greater lift and the left one less, which will bring the right side up of course, or he can do the reverse. Thus if he is flying along and a wind gust strikes the left wing and sends it up, thus starting to upset the machine, the operator can shift the lever to decrease the lift on the high side and increase it on the low side, thus bringing the machine back to an even keel.

Of course, the wing warping will cause more drag on one side than the other and thus tend to turn the machine so that the rudder at the rear must be used to counteract the effect. It is this combination action of the wing warping and rudders that constistates the basis of the Wright patents, the Wrights having their control automatically arranged so that warping the wings turns the rudder at the same time, the control wires being interconnected.

I once saw Hoxey flying in a wind of something over 30 miles per hour and at an elevation of close to 1,000 feet; he must have been poised absolutely without forward motion for fully ten minutes merely fighting the wind. Then opening his throttle he swung to the left and swooped away with the wind at a speed which must have been well over 70.

Wing warping seems to be the most efficient method of control yet devised, enabling the Wrights to combat winds which keep other makes indoors.

One of the greatest reasons for the success of the Wrights in the first place was their painstaking experimenting and their great amount of laboratory work, which they are by no means neglecting now. In view of what is being done in their plant at Dayton and the amount of secret work that is going on, one is led to expect that shortly the Wrights will bring out a further improved machine, and if they do we may rest assured it will be worthy of the attention of the aeronautical world.

Woman Suffrage Idea Shocked the Orient

THE attempt of a Persian deputy to introduce the question of woman's suffrage into a parliamentary debate is perhaps the most remarkable phase of the later development of the feminist movement.

It is not surprising in view of the position assigned to women in Moslem countries, writes a correspondent of the London Standard, that his declaration that a woman has a soul and civic rights was received with horrified silence by the chamber, all orthodox Mohammedans, or that they ordered the excision of the "unfortunate incident" from the records of the house.

The deputy was probably a member of the Babist movement, founded by Mirza Ali Mahomet in 1845, who declared himself to be the "Bab" or gate through which the faithful might communicate with the "hidden Imam," a prophet who, according to Shiah beliefs, will some day appear to rule the world. "Babism," a mixture of Mahommedanism, with ethics borrowed from Christianity and the philosophical precepts of the older religions, unlike Mahomedanism, gives to woman a paramount place in its councils.

For some time it enjoyed a vogue in England and the United States, and it is said to have a very large secret following in Persia, including some of the higher officials and prominent members of parliament. That the new movement among women, which even in Persia has already begun, should find support in this quarter is not at all astonishing, and as this sect is expected to play a leading part in the future development of the country an extension of the woman's movement may be expected, a development which is also foreshadowed in other eastern countries.

In the east, as in the west, the women are asking for the opening of the doors to intellectual advancement; are claiming a larger share in the world's work and an ampler choice of sphere. In Persia and India, Turkey and Egypt, where the women are under the sway of the Oriental tradition of passive obedience and virtual slavery, the movement is almost if not entirely confined to the wealthier classes, and its mainspring is education. During the last decade or two English, French and German governesses have been the constant companions of the ladies of the harems, among whom western ideas have found a place.

Turkish ladies have put on the garb of western thought with their Parisian dresses. Educated as are few of their sex in less favored circumstances in England and America, in France and Germany, they have grown discontented with their seclusion. Book knowledge has given them a keen desire to see the outside world.

In India, in Egypt and in Persia the admission of European governesses and missionaries, the reading of western books and journals may also be said to be the main factors in the production of what is perhaps the most significant development of modern times, the universal cry of women for equality with man.

"The usual thing!" a lady observed when the Persian incident was brought to her notice. "The Persian women, as a matter of fact, have been doing a lot of political work for some time now. They have been taking the national point of view very strongly. They showed an active interest, for instance, in the Persian loan last year, and are really intelligently interested in the condition of the country, and are opposing everything which they consider would further enslave Persia by the use of a very definite and direct influence."

As in Persia, so in Turkey, political life has not been without feminine direction. The better class of Turkish women took a large part in the revolution which ousted Abdul Hamid from his throne. They dropped the yashmak in many cases, and in some instances even addressed public meetings. Indian women are copying western customs and absorbing western ideals. There are now native doctors and one lady lawyer.

The Chinese women are allowing their feet to grow to normal size, and, unfortunately, though it is symtomatic of the change, are adopting European dress. The Japanese are asking for teachers and are sending their girls to high schools, and they, too, are discarding the picturesque costume of their mothers.

Everything, in fact, east and west, the same unrest and longing for change, for a wider outlook and a larger life, are abundantly manifest. Persia is only, for the moment, the most interesting because Persia is the last to join the movement.

Gypsum Industry Grows

THE importance and growth of the gypsum industry in the United States is shown by figures compiled by Ernest F. Burchard of the United States Geological Survey. According to an advance chapter from "Mineral Resources, 1910," the quantity of gypsum mined in 1910 was 2,375,894 short tons, an increase of .54 per cent over the production of 1909, which was 2,252,738 short tons. The value of gypsum products in 1910 was $6,514,478, compared with $5,-906,738 in 1909 an increase of $607,-740, or 10.3 per cent. The quantity of gypsum sold without calcining was 419,931 tons, valued at $667,599, in 1910, compared with 341,855 tons, valued at $552,509 in 1909, and the quantity sold as calcined plaster in 1910 was 1,582,186 tons, valued at $5,-846,879 compared with 1,514,087 tons, valued at $5,354,229, in 1909. The value of gypsum and gypsum products imported in 1910 was $502,111, compared with $425,137 in 1909.

Fancy Price for Coins.

Mark Thistlethwaite, secretary of Governor Marshall, is of the opinion that half-dollars of the coinage of 1853 must be very common throughout Indiana. Shortly after the publication of a story several weeks ago that a half-dollar of that year, seen in Chicago, was valued at $15,000, letters began to arrive at the office of the Governor, asking where the coins could be sent to obtain that price. Approximately one hundred such letters have been received. All inquiries have been told by the secretary to communicate with some coin collector, as the Governor is not interested in them. There a few half dollars of peculiar coinage of 1853 which are valuable, but there are thousands over the country that are worth only their face value.

Grudge Is Expensive.

London Chronicle.

The most expensive act of damage ever committed by a railway worker was that of an Italian navvy employed on the construction of a tunnel through one of the mountains in the Black forest. Having a grudge against his foreman, he succeeded one night in altering the position of the stakes which marked the course of the work. The excavators were working upon the tunnel in two sections, one from the north and one from the south. Owing to the shifting of the stakes the sections, instead of being directed to the same point, were found to be twenty-six feet apart when they reached the middle of the mountain. The northern half of the tunnel had, therefore, to be entirely reconstructed at a cost of £175,000.

Indians of Brazil.

The Brazilian government appears to have found a way of dealing with its Indians which is altogether different from that so extensively employed in North America where the "civilizers" proceeded on the assumption that "all good Indians are dead Indians."

"The government of Brazil," says L'Etoile du Sud, of Rio de Janeiro, "is always occupied with more or less solicitude in the amelioration of the lot of the natives, who are yet numerous in a great part of the country. In a short space of time the most encouraging results have been obtained A great number of tribes, protected by the administration, are becoming civilized little by little. The result of this is an increased production of cultivated foods offering superior advantages to an industry, consisting only of hunting and fishing, which has been the sole resource of many indigenous tribes. In the state of Parana the Indians belonging for the most part to the nation of the Caincangus are cultivating their lands in maize, rice and sweet potatoes. The natives of the valley of the river Tibagy have recently constructed five sugar mills, very crude, it is true, but nevertheless a great step in their progress."

From Thanatopsis.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —Bryant.

Beginning of Brass Bands

THE first brass bands in England were established by some of the large employers of labor in Lancashire, who provided instruments and tuition. The innovation proved popular in the extreme, and in a few years almost every industrial center in the middle north possessed one or more of these fraternities of musical factory workers, says the London Times. Public contests became common as the result of local rivalries, and in 1860 Enderby Jackson, of Hull, organized the first "Grand National Brass-Band Contest" at the Crystal Palace. On that occasion 169 bands entered and about two-thirds of the number actually competed. Musical critics were greatly impressed by the playing of "Rule, Britannia," the "Hallelujah Chorus" and other more or less suitable pieces by the massed bands.

From England the movement spread to America, where it is said the members of brass bands may now be numbered by the hundred thousand—an estimate that is possibly exaggerated, though every minor celebrity over there seems to be escorted about his business by companies of lusty blowers that seem to emanate from the sidewalks or pavements. The writer has been assured by an American authority that the best brass bands in his country are to be found in the textile towns, where, as everybody knows, the foundations of the local industries have been well and truly laid by immigrants from Lancashire, who were no doubt missionaries of robust music as well as teachers of the arts of weaving and spinning.

In European countries the private brass bands is infrequent for the simple and sufficient reason that the whole supply of instrumentalists is absorbed by their enormous armies, the military band being ubiquitous.

What German Banks Did for Industry

THE National Monetary Commission has just issued a translation of a new and especially prepared edition of Riesser's "The Great German Banks and Their Concentration." Dr. Jacob Riesser, the author, is a judge in the German courts and honorary professor in the University of Berlin, and the volume of which this is a revision and translation has been known to scholars in the original text for several years, and has been altogether rewritten and brought down to date for the use of the commission. It presents a comprehensive review of the growth and influence of the great private banks of Germany in connection with the industrial history of that country from 1848 to the present, and devotes but little attention to the Reichsbank and the semi-official institutions. Dr. Reisser calls attention to the enormous industrial development that has occurred in Germany during the last sixty years and to the striking concentration of various German industrial and banking institutions that has taken place during the same time. He analyzes the situation resulting from concentration, the advantages and dangers of concentration, and the outlook for the future.

In the year 1848 Germany was just arising from the feudal system. The condition of the country may well be illustrated by the postal system. There were no less than 17 different independent postal administrations. Postage stamps were introduced only in 1850, and the number of letters received per capita was only 1.5 annually in 1842. Among the most important banking houses of the time were the Schaaffhausenscher Bankverein (1848), the Disconto-Gesellschaft (1851) the Bank fur Handel and Industrie (1853), the Mitteldeutsche Creditbank (1856) and the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft (1856). "During the first years of impetuous growth, some of the banks, like the Credit Mobilier, became interested too extensively and too rapidly in railway and industrial securities and enterprises, though thereby they doubtless rendered great and permanent service to the nation." During this period many of the banks made the mistake of paying excessive dividends of 10 per cent. and upward. However, Dr. Riesser thinks that, despite their mistakes the banks greatly aided the development of German industry during the period of 1848-1870. The industrial and commercial advance of Germany was even more rapid after the formation of the empire in 1871 than during the preceding period.

One of the most important factors which influenced the development of industry and banking in Germany was the formation of "cartels." These are "associations founded by contract for certain periods of time of independent enterprises belonging, to kindred branches of industry, or of branches of industry with nearly identical interests, the individual members of the association retaining their independence, but joining for the purpose of regulating production and sales according to the common point of view and in the common interest." Dr. Riesser says that trusts are to be distinguished from cartels because the former represent "permanent and organic combinations of undertakings which have sacrificed their independence, and do not always belong to the same branches of industry, nor possess common interests." The German cartels were formed principally in branches of industry producing staple articles in large quantities, like the mining and chemical industries. The number of cartels increased in the period from 1896-1905 from 250 to about 400. Dr. Riesser describes in detail the influence of various industrial combinations upon banking interests, and shows that concurrently with the development of industrial combinations there have been banking combinations. During the last 22 years a number of banks, among which the Deutsche bank was the leader, extended their business to oversea and foreign operations by means of the establishment of subsidiary companies. This was another cause for the extension and consolidation of great banking groups. Among special causes working for concentration in banking he enumerates: (1) The liquidation of banks after panics; (2) mistakes of legislation, such as the stamp and stock-exchange laws.

Dr. Riesser enumerates five great combinations of German financial institutions, each headed by a Berlin "great" bank. The largest of these is the group of the Deutsche bank, which has a combined capital and surplus of about $200,000,000. Other groups are those of the Discontogesellschaft, with a capital and surplus of about $140,-000,000; the Dresdener bank, with $70,-000,000; the Schaaffhausenscher bankverein, with $70,000,000, and the Darmstadter bank, with $75,000,000.

Dr. Riesser summarizes the present situation in banking as follows: "Out of a large number of independent banks there have been developed five powerful groups, comprising in all 41 banks. In this field, however, the process of concentration has by no means ended. It will in all probability not stop before it has come nearer its goal than today by developing the smallest number of bank groups practicable, each embracing the largest possible number of banks. Until the groups of banks shall have reached a point of fairly equal strength, so that each one will respect the other's domains, we cannot lok to a halt in the movement of concentration."

Among the advantages of this development Dr. Riesser enumerates the following: "The possibility of carrying out uniform extensive policies; the fact that the administration of the 'great' banks is far more subject to control by the press and the public than that of a large number of small banks; and the fact that large banks can be of more aid to the government than small banks. Great banks, on the other hand, themselves derive important business advantages from concentration. Among these advantages are a wider and safer market, an enhancement of credit by an extension of current banking business, the development of an extensive bureau of information, a wide exchange and check business, an elastic credit system, and, finally, an increase of deposit accounts because of the various superior advantages offered to customers. He holds that the future development in many respects will depend on the degree of socio-political insight possessed by the leaders of our great enterprises, the extent to which they appreciate the social duties and obligations that devolve upon them, and the economic self-restraint which they will impose upon themselves. All will be well if these leaders possess the necessary caution, knowing that it is not safe to overstrain the bow or overheat the boilers."

In reviewing briefly the history of the Reischsbank, Dr. Riesser concludes that "It must be acknowledged that the regulation of our money circulation and of our system of payments, credits and currency, with which that institution had been intrusted, has been in good hands. In particular it may be said that by means of a circumspect discount policy, by opportune and energetic intervention in 1900 as well as in 1907, i. e., during the most critical periods, the bank has been of the greatest aid in preserving the German money market and the entire economic organization from lasting disturbances of the gravest character."

The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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"Tra-la-la!" Barrett the practical hummed, a little scornfully.

"What was it?" Winthrop asked with more than his usual politeness.

"It was a round object, a disc of gold," Hambidge replied quietly. "I brushed off the dirt, and found it highly polished—it had evidently been worn around somebody's throat, for a bit of very delicate gold chain was still attached to it. One side of the disc," he continued, "was covered with beautiful Oriental tracery. The other bore the initials you have just mentioned, Sheldon."

Barrett sprang to his feet and faced the lawyer.

"Is this a fairy story you're telling?", he demanded, trembling with excitement. "Have you made all this up to get even with me, or is it true!"

"It's true!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Every word of it—gospel truth—exactly as I have told it!"

"Where's the locket now?" Winthrop asked in bewilderment.

"Yes, what did you do with it!" Barrett roared.

"Gave it to the station agent at Corry to keep until the owner called for it," Hambidge replied, speaking rapidly. "Hurry, boys,—we can jump the seven-thirty train for Buffalo and be in Corry by noon, tomorrow! That's where she was taken from here!"

A minute later three men dashed from the studio building and started on a run for Fifty-ninth street, there to catch a crosstown car—the quickest route to the Grand Central station.

The night express for Buffalo was moving when they leaped aboard it.

They were too much aroused over the sudden change in the situation to eat a comfortable meal in the dining car, although they made an effort to do so; and soon they gathered close in a smoking compartment, where, with a railway map spread out on his knees, Hambidge explained as well as he could the several roads running through Corry, north and south, east and west.

"The priest and the doctor may have taken her to Erie," he said, "and there caught a Lake Shore train for some western point; or they might have turned eastward on the B. N. Y. & P., towards Buffalo, or they could have taken the same road southwestward toward Pittsburg."

"Or they might have boarded a train on the Erie road and started for almost anywhere," Barrett rejoined, looking closely at the map. "The main thing, however, is that Miss Cuyler dropped the locket on the station platform at Corry, which means that sometime in the last nine days she was there!"

"Not necessarily," Hambidge remarked doubtfully. "The men might have separated before reaching Corry. If it is really a case of abduction, one of the two could easily have stolen the locket. . . . As a matter of caution," he concluded, "I shouldn't place too much importance on the fact that I found the locket at Corry. For all we know Miss Cuyler may still be in New York city somewhere.

"Did you ask the station agent at Corry anything about the matter when you handed him the tahlif" Winthrop inquired.

"No. He started to say something to me as I gave it to him, but just then the train for Philadelphia came along, and I had to run for it."

"Well," said Barrett, "we've got a starting point at last, anyhow, and all we can do is to wait until we get hold of that station agent."

"I will send Mr. Cuyler a telegram from Poughkeepsie," Winthrop decided.

The train they were in roared and swayed along in the darkness hour after hour while the three men sat there, smoking and thinking, until long after midnight; when they sought their berths.

XIV.

They had an hour or more to wait in Buffalo, next morning, before taking a train for Corry, on the old B. N. Y. & P. railroad, since then absorbed and modernized by one of the great national transportation systems. At Barrett's suggestion they drove to the nearest good hotel, stopping en route only long enough to hurriedly purchase fresh linen, underwear, brushes and small handbags.

While Hambidge was engaging rooms and baths, and Winthrop was ordering breakfast to be served in 30 minutes, Barrett stepped into a sporting goods store nearby and purchased three 44-calibre revolvers, with heavy stocks, and long, murderous-looking barrels; together with belts, holsters and ammunition.

"It's just as well to be prepared for contingencies," he said later as he handed one to each of his friends, "especially as we're getting closer to the trail, and probably have a couple of desperadoes to deal with. These guns are heavy, and large—but they'll carry on an air-line and bore clean through an ordinary man. So be careful."

Refreshed by a cool shower, a change of clothing, and an excellent breakfast, the trio drove rapidly to the station and stepped aboard a train which, hour after hour, tugged and jolted from Buffalo in a southwesterly direction. As every dozen miles was covered their impatience increased, but, cautioned by Hambidge not to show anxiety or excitement, they leisurely left the train when it arrived at Corry, three hours or so later, and foloiwed him to the office of the ticket agent.

"Good morning," said the lawyer, stepping up to the window.

"How d'you do," the agent responded.

"You may remember me, perhaps? Last Sunday I found a gold locket out on the platform, early in the morning, and brought it to you."

"Oh, yes, I remember now."

"Ever hear anything of the owner? Did she come back to claim the locket?"

"Not a word," said the agent, "and it's a funny thing, too. I was going to tell you about it at the time, only you had to run for your own train."

"I'm not in such a hurry today. What was it, anyhow?"

"Let's see—you found that locket early of Sunday morning, didn't you?" the railroad man began meditatively, leaning his arms on the little shelf at the ticket window and settling himself for a leisurely recital. "Well, it was three or fours days ahead of that—maybe Tuesday or Wednesday, about the middle of July, the sixteenth or seventeenth, I disremember which, that——"

He was interrupted by a passenger who pushed her way to the window, asking half a dozen questions about arrival and departure of trains.

Barrett swore under his breath. Winthrop glanced uneasily at a clock on the wall. Only Hambidge remained calm, undisturbed.

When the woman had gone away the agent began again.

"Well, it was about then—I could get the exact date by looking up my records—that the P. & E. express from Philadelphia pulled in here an hour late, on account of a coal wreck. She's due at 2:25 in the afternoon, and the B. N. Y. & P. down the road leaves at 3:22, but was held here five minutes so P. & E. passengers could jump across the platform and make a close connection. It was mighty close, too, that day. There was a dozen or so of 'em, changing cars, and I noticed a party of four particularly—two men and two women."

"Was one of the men a priest and another a doctor?" Barrett demanded, unable to hold in longer. "And was one of the women a tall young lady dressed in brown and white?"

"No, not at all; nothing of the kind. One of the men was smooth-shaven and had dark spectacles on, and the other was a stout old fellow with white hair and whiskers."

"Interesting—very," Hambidge remarked imperturbably. "Your powers of description are admirable, Mr

Effect of Great Kidney Remedy Is Soon Realized

I feel it my duty to let you know what Swamp-Root did for me. I was bothered with my back for over twenty years and at times I could hardly get out of bed. I read your advertisement and decided to try Swamp-Root. Used five bottles, and it has been five years since I used it, and I have never been bothered a day since I took the last bottle of it. I am thoroughly convinced that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cured me and would recommend it to others suffering as I did.

My husband was troubled with kidney and bladder troubles and he took your Swamp-Root and it cured him. This was about five years ago.

You may publish this letter if you choose.

Very truly yours,
MRS. MATTIE CAMFIELD.
R. F. D. No. 3, Gobleville, Mich.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th of July, 1909.
ARVIN W. MYERS,
Notary Public
for Van Duren Co., Mich.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

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Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemen delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Keeps the teeth always clean; no clogging with hair and dirt. A. R. Pett says: "It's a dandy. Sold 14 last night to my neighbors." Easy seller. Big profits. Going fast. Write quick. Free sample to workers.
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The Sun Ray mantle incandescent Kerosene burner burns common kerosene or coal oil; 100-300 candle-power light; burns 95 per cent air and only 5 per cent oil. Burners fit all lamps odorless, noiseless, absolutely safe. Every lamp guaranteed. Sells itself. Big profits to workers. Write for agency proposition, our prices defy competition.
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"Agent. And how about the two women?"

"Thank ye, sir. Well, as I was saying, one woman was shorter than medium and some hefty, with a veil. The other was taller and wore a Quaker bonnet, so I couldn't see her face at all. She was the sick one that the men had to help along. She looked weak, and tottered-like when she walked."

Winthrop and Barrett exchanged quick glances of disapointment. Thev were on the wrong track after all!

Hambidge's hopes also sank to zero—but he did not give up. "Did they catch their train on the other road?" he asked, picking up his handbag, preparatory to moving away.

"Yes, but they didn't have time to come in and buy any tickets," the agent replied. "Don't go yet," he added, "the funny part of my story is pretty close now. . . . Well, as I was saying, the B. N. Y. & P. had been held five minutes, and the conductor was hollerin' 'All aboard!' and most everybody was aboard, but these two women and two men. The men had three big leather satchels that looked heavy, and they were trying to hurry the sick lady in the big bonnet down the platform, when they dropped one of the satchels, and it bust wide open, scattering things right and left. There was a brown dress trimmed with white, and tan colored low shoes, and white gloves and a white parasol with the handle broke off so it fitted into the satchel, and brushes and ribbons, and knick-knacks of all kinds you can think of. I almost died laughing, for the B. N. Y. & P. engineer was clanging his bell, and the conductor was holding his watch in his hand, and hollering to 'em to hurry—and then the satchel busted open, and he lost two minutes more while I helped pick up all those duds and jam 'em back into the satchel.

"But they got the sick lady on board, after a while, and the other woman, too, and all them big satchels; and the B. N. Y. & P. pulled out nine minutes late, snorting down the road mad as a hungry bull pup!"

The agent threw back his head and laughed heartily at the scene he had called up. Winthrop and his friends joined the hilarious mirth with instant tact.

"Where was it they dropped the satchel?" Hambidge asked, when the laughter had subsided.

"They dropped it just about where you found the gold locket a few days later, out on the platform."

Barrett gently but firmly pushed the lawyer aside and took his place at the window. "Let's see the locket?" he suggested.

The agent stepped across his office to a small safe, and drew forth a sealed envelope which he opened.

"Here it is," he said, handing the golden disc to the New Englander.

"Yes, that's it," said Winthrop in low tones, leaning forward.

"Do you know them people?" the agent asked in surprise.

"We are friends of the sick lady," said Barrett, "and we want to take this locket to her."

"Dunno as I ought to let anybody but her have it," the agent began. "You see, I'm responsible to the company——"

"Perfectly right!" Barrett assented. "I don't question that in the slightest. So I am going to protect you by handing you this $5 bill. . . . There. Now, if you don't get the locket back you can be sure it is in the hands of the owner. And if the owner doesn't call for it in 30 days—the sick lady, I mean—you are to keep the money for your trouble, as a sort of reward."

He carefully placed the ornament in his wallet, whereupon Hambidge spoke: "Where does the train go to that they took?"

"Oh, she goes down the road through Titusville and Oil City to Pittsburg."

"What's the conductor's name on that train?"

"Bill Sperry—been running her ever since I can remember. He'll be along here now at 3:22 if he's on time."

"Thank you," said Barrett. "We are going down to join our friend and give her back the locket. Meanwhile we can have some dinner."

Two hours and more must elapse before the train arrived which was to carry them along the banks of Oil Creek toward Pittsburg, and much of this was spent in discussing the possible developments ahead of them, and in laying plans.

"That gang might have taken Eleanor almost anywhere," said Winthrop, as they were returning to the station. "They could have left the train at any one of a score of towns down the road here—so what are we going to do?"

"Leave that to me," said Hambidge, "I'll talk to Sperry, the conductor, and the chances all are that he would remember the group, especially because of the sick lady, and because of the additional delay to his train when that leather satchel flew open on the platform."

"That's so," Barrett agreed. "You go ahead, Bill, and Sheldon and I will act as silent supporters."

"Then, again," Hambidge went on, "the conductor would be sure to remember where they got off his train because they didn't have time to buy tickets of the agent, here, and paid cash fares, I presume."

These deductions proved to be true. When their train on the B. N. Y. & P. came along they got aboard, and Hambidge unhesitatingly sought the conductor.

"Last Sunday," he began, "I picked up, at the Corry station, a valuable gold ornament belonging to a sick lady, who had traveled down here with you a few days previous. She wore a Shaker bonnet, and was with another woman and two men. Do you remember the group?"

"Yes, sir," the conductor replied in emphatic tones. "That ornament must have rolled out of the big handbag when it fell open on the platform."

"Exactly!" said Hambidge. "That's just the way it happened. And as I was coming down here today I thought I'd like to look them up, and give it back to her. Did they go straight through to Pittsburg with you, or did they stop off somewhere along the road?"

"They got off at Titusville," the conductor replied.

"At Titusville?" Hambidge repeated, to make sure.

"That's it. . . . Are you getting off there?"

"Yes, take three fares out of this, please," the lawyer added, tendering a bank note.

"There was another party asking me about that same sick lady only yesterday," he remarked. "This party come the same way they did, on the P. & E. from Philadelphia. He wanted to know where they had left my train, too, same as you do."

"Must have been Mr. Dorkington!" Hambidge rejoined without an instant's hesitation, turning to his companions.

"That's so!" Winthrop exclaimed.

"I'll bet it wasn't!" Barrett contradicted. "I'll bet it was her Uncle Abner. . . . What did the party you speak of look like?"

"Oh, he looked just like a book agent," the conductor responded; "one of them kind that sells lives of early Christian Martyrs at the front door, and How-to-be-Beautiful books to the hired girl at the back door. Had long, yellowish hair, sort of floating down over his eyes, he did, and a yellowish beard."

"Pink cheeks?" Barrett demanded.

The conductor nodded.

"There!" the New Englander exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew it was her Uncle Abner!"

"Wotsirb's got ahead of us again," he remarked.

The train jolted and swayed on its way through a desolate, sparsely settled country. Here and there was a farmhouse, occupied or abandoned, as the case may be; here and there an abandoned oil-tank or an old pumping station, and at frequent intervals could be seen weather-beaten derricks marking the spots whence petroleum once had gushed forth in a golden flood.

On the train rocked; and on, swinging around sharp curves, grinding up heavy grades, stopping now and then at unimportant stations—Tryonville, Centerville, Spartansburg, Hydetown—and finally, late in the afternoon, pulling into Titusville, where the three friends disembarked.

"What's the best hotel?" Hambidge asked a hack driver.

"Brunswick—get right in, sir," the man replied, holding open the door of his carriage.

They did so, and rolled away, looking anxiously out of the windows, wondering whether Eleanor really were here—whether they had actually got within reaching distance of her—and all because Mrs. Hazard's dream had recalled to Hambidge his experience in accidentally finding the gold locket on the platform at Corry.

"The first thing to do is to get the lay of the land," Barrett remarked, as they met an hour later, free of travel stains and wilted collars. "I move we hire a carriage, drive completely around the city——"

"Sort of circumnavigating it?" suggested Winthrop.

"Yes, that's the idea. Then right after dinner this evening we can divide the territory off into three sections, and tomorrow begin a systematic search."

"What excuse can we give for asking a lot of questions?" Barrett inquired.

"I've thought that all out," the lawyer said. "We can call at every house in Titusville by saying that we are gathering material for a book to be written about the region, with personal sketches of the leading citizens. I don't like to employ even subterfuge unless I have to, but it would be a harmless deception anyway, and through it we may get track of Miss Cuyler."

"Suggestion seconded, and adopted!" Barrett exclaimed, starting toward the hotel office. "Come along, you two, and I'll order the carriage."

(To be Continued.)

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Can some reader of the Farmstead tell me something about grape culture? What varieties would be best for central West Virginia? How many vines should be planted to the acre? Will the vines grow from seed?—D., Cowing's, W. Va.

I would like to have some reader tell me what to do for one of my sows. Her forefeet are lame or sore, causing her to walk most of the time on her knees. There is no swelling.—B., Stanford, Ind.

THE CISTERN

The round, egg-shaped cistern is the best type to build, for several reasons. It is the strongest, requires the least amount of material for the volume contained, can be pumped entirely dry and is easy to clean. Whether a cistern built of small rocks laid in concrete is cheaper than a concrete cistern will depend upon how readily the materials are available.

The concrete cistern can doubtless be built with less labor if suitable means for mixing the concrete are at hand. An egg-shaped cistern can easily be made of concrete.

To do this, the hole should be carefully excavated to size and a form made of lumber or lumber and sheet iron about three feet in height. The concrete is then poured between the form and the earth. After the concrete has set sufficiently the form is raised and supported in place above the concrete, when a new section of the wall may be completed.

Each section of the concrete should be left rough and irregular on top, so as to form a good surface for the fresh concrete to adhere to.

The bottom can be given the desired shape with a spade and the concrete put in place, as when making a sidewalk on barn floor.

If it is desired to taper the top, a lumber support may be constructed and the concrete laid on. The support is removed when the concrete has had proper time to set. Where the soil is firm, a good concrete cistern can be made by plastering on the soil with a trowel.

Several coats may be put on until the desired thickness is obtained. Each coat except the last should be left rough, so that the succeeding one will adhere readily. The writer knows many cisterns made in this way that have been in use for many years without leaking or requiring any repairs.—R. M. Doyle in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

HORSE RAISING

Size alone never made a good horse. You do not want a mare that stands on stilts, nor one like a plank on edge. Get depth of body with lots of width across hips and breast and at the same time a short coupled animal. A long arm from knee up and short from knee down indicates power and do not have her stand too straight on her feet or she will not do on hard roads or pavements. Very large bone is desirable, for if the leg is right at both ends it will be all right. If she has a neck and shoulders like a stallion so much the better. A good disposition is desirable, but the man who has the handling of her has much to do with that. A timid driver should never handle a spirited or ambitious mare; a driver should not fear his team nor should a team ever fear its driver.

I prefer mares weighing 1,600 to 1,800 pounds, but they must be built right. Short-coupled, deep-bodied and legs that show power, low down and broad. About 16 to 16½ hands in height is about right. After you have your model mare breed only to a model horse. Don't use a poor horse as a gift and remember that pedigree is not horse, but when you get a good pedigree with a good horse use him; $20 or $25 on a colt is very little compared with the difference in price as a three or four-year-old. A good colt is more cheaply raised than a poor one—you will give it better care and it will put the feed where it will make money for you.

Never let your colt follow the mare except in pasture. Give it good feed and plenty of it from the time it first knows how to eat. Even when on good pasture give the colt a feed of oats night and morning. Keep the colt growing all the time. I prefer fall colts for various reasons. Your mares are idle during the winter and can better suckle the colt than when doing the heavy spring farm work. Feed the mother for milk much the same as you would feed a cow. Keep her in good flesh, which is not nearly so difficult to do as if she were both working hard and raising a colt at the same time. When the fall colt is weaned it is through the winter instead of just starting into a hard one like a spring colt. Feed the mare, feed the colt—you can't grow good horses on good intentions and poor feed. Good imported Percheron or Belgian mares can be had at prices varying from $100 to $1,000 each and they are my favorite breeds. Suppose your team costs you $1,200 for the right kind; your interest charge would be about $75 per year and your sinking fund say $150 per year to replace the mares when old.

No account need be made for feed on the farm, for if your scrub team can earn their living your good team can do a lot better. Your colts at two years old can be put at light plowing and cultivating, and will earn their keep from that age. The notion that a light team will do more work on a farm than a team of 1,800 pound mares is foolishness. A boy cannot do more than a man. On the roads my teams will out walk nine out of ten of the small teams and take twice the load.

I have plowed heavy clay land in an orchard, using a 14 inch plow with one mare, and she apparently did not exert herself at all. But they are not roadsters, so do not try to hurry your big team. The colts from this class of mares are worth $400 to $1,000 each as brood mares or stallion. You will not get a colt from each mare each year, but I know of a team of mares that raised thirteen colts in seven years. Don't expect to do this well.

Figure as you will, as span of good mares at a cost of $1,000 to $1,500 will make you more money on the farm, beside earning their own living, than the same amount put into any other kind of stock. And then it is worth a lot to know that you have the best team in your county, and you need not be ashamed to drive into town in daylight You will take pleasure in giving good care to a team of this kind, and that is a long way on the road to success with any stock. They will take less feed to do the same work, for it requires less exertion, and will be less liable to sickness just because you do give them better care.—C. F. Mount, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

ORNAMENTAL TREES

Probably as good a plan as any is to secure small valuable trees from the forest and then grow them a year or two in the nursery before finally getting them out. The best material to use for cuttings is the present year's growth.

The question of gathering seed is an important one. The problem is to know when to gather the seed. As a rule they should be gathered as soon as ripe, but the different varieties ripen at different times. For example, the red and white maples mature their seed in June, while the Norway, English, sycamore and many others do not mature their seed until October or November.

The seeds of our most common trees, i. e., locust, Norway, sycamore and English maples, hackberry, oak birch, etc., ripen during October and should be gathered and planted at once or stratified in twice their amount of sand and stored in a cool shady place and kept moist until early spring, when they should be planted in nursery rows. While most of these seeds will germinate without freezing during the winter, it is preferable to have them freeze.

Ash, box elder, black locust, catalpa and hackberry seeds may be stored dry, providing they are carefully dried out before putting them away. The collection of pine, spruce and fir seed requires more care. They start to ripen the latter part of August or the first of September. The cones should be gathered before they start to open. They should be dried in a warm place and the seeds will come out readily.

Fall planting is preferred when the soil is in good condition. They should be mulched with leaves, straw or coarse litter to prevent damage. The soil should be packed firmly to prevent drying out.

Evergreen requires a different treatment from the deciduous trees. The seed bed should be divided into beds four feet wide. There should be a shade to protect the young trees and there should be plenty of water available. Regarding deciduous trees, fall planting is preferred in eastern Washington if the young trees are well developed and the soil is well prepared. The soil should be well packed about the roots in planting.

COTTONY MAPLE SCALE

The cottony maple scale is a native insect parasite of the soft maple. It is destructive to them and other ornamental trees where these are grown in groups or rows, as usually planted in parks or along streets. To those who love beautiful trees the control of this pest is of primary importance.

Thousands of trees in Chicago have been reported destroyed by this pest. This scale can easily be recognized by the cotton-like waxy substance which projects from under the mature female scale. This cottony substance is secreted and the eggs deposited within it during May and June, according to the latitude in which the scale is found.

Injury by the cottony maple scale is reported by Eastern entomologists as periodical. There is but one generation of this insect each year.

Kerosene emulsion has been found to be the most satisfactory for this scale. To make kerosene emulsion dissolve one pound of common soap in one gallon of water by boiling and after removing from the fire add two gallons of kerosene. Agitate this thoroughly until an emulsion is formed. If this is used as a summer spray it should not contain more than 10 or 12 per cent of kerosene. Seventeen gallons of water added to this three gallons of emulsion make a 10 per cent solution. If used in winter 16 to 18 per cent kerosene is recommended. Experiments in Illinois show that one treatment in winter destroyed more scales than two summer treatments.

FILLING THE SILO

There are several different ways for distributing and packing the corn in the silo. The principal points to be observed are that the light and heavy portions of the corn should be uniformly distributed. That is, the stalks and ears should not be in the center or at one side and the lighter portions, such as the leaves, at the other side. The corn should be uniformly packed or tramped in all parts of the silo. This is necessary to insure a good quality of silage. The majority of the silo owners prefer having the surface of the silage saucer shaped, about two feet higher at the sides than in the center, for the reason that the center, where the corn drops and the men usually stand, gets solid and hard and does not settle afterwards as much as the sides. (This is especially true of those silos filled without some form of a distributing device.) If the sides are constantly kept about two feet higher than the center and well trod or tramped when the silo is full, the silage is wedged tightly against the sides and the heat of fermentation retained, thus killing the germs of mold. One reason why silage molds more at the sides than in the center is that it is not packed closely enough against the sides to prevent the air from reaching the heated silage, thus furnishing mold-making conditions.

Ordinarily corn cut at the proper time does not need water added to make good silage. There are times, however, when it is necessary to add water to the corn in filling the silo. The corn in the silo at the time of filling should feel moist; if not moist, water should be added. Under any of the following conditions water should be added to the corn when filling the silo: First, when the corn is too ripe and the leaves and part of the stalks are dried out to such an extent that they will not pack well. Second, when the corn is severely frozen before it has reached the proper degree of maturity, liberating the moisture and leaving the leaves and stems dry. Third, when refilling the silo late in the fall with shocked corn it is always necessary to add water.

There are two ways to add the water. First, put a hose in the silo and thoroughly saturate the dry portions, especially around the walls. Second, where the blower cutter is used, run an inch stream of water into the blower when it is at work. This will add a sufficient amount of water to insure good results. The silo should be air tight. Any crack or space which lets in the air will cause more or less moldy silage. These troubles in wooden silos may be avoided at filling time by having a pail of soft clay at hand. As the silo is filled up anything that looks as if it was not air tight should be filled with a handful of clay. Any cracks or opening in masonry silos should be properly filled with cement before filling. Great care should be taken to have the door fit well and air tight. In a good silo, properly filled, there should be no waste except at the top.

There is always some waste at the top of the silo, unless feeding operations are commenced as soon as the silo is filled. The amount of waste material varies under different conditions of management from two inches, where great care is exercised, to ten or twelve inches where practically no precautions are taken to protect the same. Various methods for lessening the amount of waste have been tried out. One of the first precautions is to thoroughly pack and level the top of the silo. Some use oat chaff or cut straw Others thoroughly soak the top with water, then seed with oats. The oats germinate and form a thick covering, which serves to keep out the air, thus lessening the waste. One of the easiest and most satisfactory methods to pursue is to pick the ears of the last three or four loads of corn, then run the stalks through the cutter into the silo. Thoroughly tramp the same. Then put on from 20 to 30 barrels of water. This has the effect of hermetically sealing the silo and only a very thin layer of waste will be on top.—W. J. Kennedy, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

The National Tree of China.

Scientific American.

The tung, or wood oil tree, is worthily named the national tree of China. It is stately in appearance, with smooth green bark and wide spreading branches, affording a fine shade. It bears a fruit resembling a shell bark hickory nut, but as large as a small orange. Each nut contains three triangular seeds similar to small Brazil nuts. The oil is pressed from these seeds, and the refuse is used as a fertilizer. The oil is used principally for polishing woodwork and dressing leather. Considerable quantities are exported.

The wood of the tung tree is used for making musical instruments, fine boxes and the framework of small houses. It is believed that this tree might flourish in warmer parts of the United States.

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Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

4874—Plain Dress.

The body portion of this dress has an unusually pretty shaped yoke that can be either of the material or of a contrasting goods. The skirt is rather full, with a deep hem at the lower edge and joins the waist portion under a belt of the material. The sleeves have the full upper portion and a deep cuff. The bretelles that have the effect of a broad collar should, if used, be of the yoke material.

The pattern 4874 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; 8-year size requires 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide.

5601—Ladies' Eight Gored Skirt.

This skirt shows the new way of easing up the garment for comfort, while retaining all the straightness and narrowness demanded by the fashions of the day.

Front and back are in panel form, but at the lower edge of each seam there is a small pleat, which gives spring to the skirt when the wearer walks.

Satin, cheviot, serge and novelty woolens are suitable for this skirt.

The pattern 5601 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 50-inch material.

5595—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist.

This simple tailor made waist has a visible fastening and two groups of tucks at each side of the front. In the back the tucks are full length and there are only two at each side. The sleeves are of the new inset type and are finished with a shirt cuff. The neck has a band finish and any style of collar preferred may be worn with it.

The pattern, 5595, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires two yards of 36-inch material.

5587—Ladies' Thirty-Inch Coat.

Jackets are becoming a little longer and the thirty-inch is of very good one. The design illustrated is fitted by French seams which extend to the shoulder in front and back and has a small collar and pointed revers as a finish for the neck.

These coats are made of velveteen, satin, cloth, tweed and tailor materials in general.

The pattern, 5587, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure requires 2½ yards of 50-inch material.

4835—Girls Coat.

This smart double breasted coat is cut in sacque style, with no fullness anywhere. The small collar is of either satin or velvet. Reversible cloth or cravenetted fabric make excellent coats. The pattern, 4835, is cut in sizes 6 to 14 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.

5576—Misses' Dress.

This dress shows us one of the novel tunic effects. It is cut with the high waistline and the underskirt consists of a two-piece foundation, with the tunic over it.

Sheer fabrics such as grenadine, voile, crepe, net and the like are effective made in this manner and a figured material combined with a plain one, will also be handsome.

The pattern, 5576, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured material, 2⅝ yards plain, ⅜ yard of 18-inch tucking, 3¾ yards of insertion to make, as pictured.

1252—Child's Petticoat.

This model gives us the regulation petticoat, with an underwaist and a flounced skirt. It may alse be made of plain material in either muslin or outing flannel, or in all wool flannel for winter use.

The pattern, 1252, is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of flouncing 18 inches wide, ⅝ of a yard of plain material 36 inches wide, or in one material 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

5185—Misses' Dress.

The tunic style remains in fashion and this dress shows it combined with a pleated under portion. The waist has a smart kimono shoulder and square yoke. Cashmere, voile, messaline and all soft materials may be used to make a dress of this character.

The pattern, 5185, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 7 yards of 45-inch bordered material with ¾ of a yard of 18-inch over.

5171—Child's Double Breasted Box Coat.

This winter all coats are buttoned close to the throat. This coat is double-breasted in front, the closing being at the left side and the neck finished with a small turn over collar. The back is perfectly plain. At each side seam a pleated section is let in at the hip, giving a touch of novelty. Plain coat sleeves complete the coat and these are finished with a cuff.

Serge, diagonal, vicuna, zibeline and the like are appropriate materials.

The pattern, 5171, is cut in sizes 2 to 7 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 44-inch material or 1¼ yards of 54-inch.

5600—One-Piece Dressing Sacque.

Like all one-piece models, this dressing sacque is very graceful. The sleeves may be loose and flowing or gathered into a band cuff as preferred.

Japanese silk, printed crepe, flannel, cashmere, albatross and similar fabrics are used for these garments and ribbon, braid or bias bands of silk are used to trim.

The pattern, 5600, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

4650—Ladies' House Dress.

The dress we illustrate is one of the simplest. It has Gibson tucks at the shoulders, in both front and back and these extend all the way to the belt. The closing is at the one side of the waist. The sleeves are the plainest of leg-o'-mutton shape and full length.

The skirt is gored and fits snugly, having reversed pleat in the center of the back.

Cashmere, linen, gingham, percale and other wash materials will be pretty made in this style and the collar may be detachable and of white lawn and lace.

The pattern, 4650, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 11¼ yards of 24-inch material.

5624—Ladies' 28-Inch Coat.

One of the novelties of this season is the coat with the panel effect in the back, similar to the detachable one shown on so many skirts. Of course it is not detachable on a coat.

The model illustrated has this effect in front and back; the front is also in panel form and the closing high and straight.

Satin, velvet, tweed, heather and other tailor mixtures are used for these jackets.

The pattern 5624 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material.

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Illinois	17.4	36.6	28.0	17.8	91
Iowa	18.1	27.0	22.0	17.8	83
Missouri	14.7	27.0	25.0	15.0	85
Kansas	13.0	28.2	18.0	14.2	79
Nebraska	16.7	25.0	22.0	16.2	78
Minnesota	16.8	33.0	26.6	19.0	115

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The Tenth of a Second.

It is not common to find a person who can correctly estimate the lapse of a single second. But in these days of speeding automobiles, the exact time when each of two colloding vehicles must have occupied particular points may be a matter of great importance. In a recent experiment a car took nearly two seconds to stop after brakes were applied, and in that time it moved 19 feet. So even fractions of a second are important. One can train himself to estimate even tenths of a second. Try it with a watch, and it will be found that it is just possible to count ten in the lapse of a single second. But one must count very fast to do it.

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JENNY LIND

Please give a sketch of the life of Jenny Lind in the columns of the Question Bureau.—. L. R., Fairmont, West Virginia.

Jenny Lind was a celebrated Swedish singer, born at Stockholm, 1821. She was of humble parentage, and her musical gifts were first noticed by an actress, by whose influences she was admitted, at the age of 9, into the Conservatory of Stockholm, where she received lessons of Croelius and Berg. She sang before the court with success at the age of 16. Four years later her voice was thought wanting in volume, and when she appeared at the Grand Opera two years later her failure was so mortifying that she is said to have resolved never again to sing in France. Returning to Stockholm, she was heard with enthusiasm in Robert le Diable and at the instance of Meyerbeer was engaged in Berlin in 1845. After singing two years in Prussia she visited Vienna and other German cities, and made her debut in London in 1847 with a very marked success. Her return to Stockholm was greeted with an ovation, and the tickets to the opera in which she appeared sold at auction. She returned to London in 1849, and won an immense triumph. In 1850 she made an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour in America, extending through the United States, British Provinces, Mexico and the West Indies. The receipts of which Mademoiselle Lind received $302,000. While in America she was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a native of Hamburg, who accompanied her as pianist. They returned to Europe in 1852 and resided at Dresden after she had visited Stockholm and expended $200,000 in endowing schools in her native country. Since then Madame Goldschmidt rarely sang at concerts. In 1874 she and her husband became leading professors at the Rhenish Acadamy of Music in Wiesbaden. Her voice was contralto of moderate range but much power and expression. Her kind manners and abuudant charities contributed to her popularity and success.

CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS

Please tell about the capture of Jefferson Davis and his treatment while imprisoned.—H. E. Z., New Haven, W. Va.

We will give an account of the capture of Jefferson Davis in the words of one who was present at that event and who played an important part in it. The account is as follows:

"I was present at the capture of Jefferson Davis on the morning of May 10, 1865, near Irwinsville, Ga., in the capacity of adjutant of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, and arrested him. I stood across his pathway in his attempted escape from his camp, sent him back to his quarters and placed him under guard. I distinctly saw his disguise.

"I was at the head of the column of my regiment when we charged into Davis' camp in the early dawn of the morning. Our advance guard, led by Capt. Charles T. Hudson, passed through the camp in a charge, and our column, led by Col. Benjamin D. Pritchard, following, halted for a moment in camp; then as it moved forward I rode, under orders, from the head of the column to close it up in readiness for action. After the column passed me I rode slowly forward in front of three "wall" tents in line on the right of the road, not meeting or seeing any one until a man partially dressed emerged from a small shelter tent near to and in advance of the line of tents referred to. I halted and inquired of him what force there was in the camp. Receiving no reply I repeated the question sharply, and while waiting for his response I heard from my rear a voice calling to me, "Adjutant, there goes a man dressed in woman's clothes." I wheeled to the right and there saw passing at a distance of a few yards three persons dresed in female attire, arm in arm, moving rapidly away from the camp. The man who called to me, a soldier named Andrew Bee, pointing toward the figures again said, "There goes a man dressed in woman's clothes." I immediately rode toward them, ordering them to halt, and stood across their pathway when they halted, facing me.

"Two of our troopers then came riding up from out of the camp and one of them, Corporal Munger, moving around to the rear of the party, brought his gun to bear in readiness for firing on the disguised figure. I ordered him not to fire. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was on the left of Mr. Davis, and her waiting maid was on the right of me. Jefferson Davis wore a woman's dress skirt, which, with a black shawl drawn closely around his head and shoulders, completed his disguise. I could scarcely see his face through the folds of the shawl. As he halted he turned toward his wife, who placed her arms around his drooping head as if to shield him.

Glancing around, I saw Confederate officers, who had come upon the scene; one standing at my left and the others nearer the tents. I ordered the party to retire to their tents and as thy did so I directed Corporal Munger to guard the prisoners in their quarters, giving him proper instructions.

"My recollection of the event is very accurate. I am aware that some years later efforts were made by associates of Mr. Davis to contradict the fact that he was disguised. Burton Harrison, his private secretary, the man whom I accosted as he emerged from the shelter tent, has an article in the Century wherein he stated that Davis had on a cloak and that was his only disguise. He is the only one, so far as I know, of the party of Confederates who were present and saw the attempted escape, except Mr. Davis, who has denied the facts I have stated."

Of his treatment while in prison it is related that he was subjected to much needless torture. However, the sentiment of the people of the north at that time was very much against him for by them he was regarded as a traitor. Mr. Davis was imprisoned in a casement in Fortress Monroe, but his quarters were more commodious than those in the average county jail. He was comfortably housed and well fed, though for a time he was in irons by the orders of President Johnson.

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CLARA BARTON

Will you please give in The Blade a sketch of the life of Clara Barton?—C. L. R., Greenville, Ky.

Clara Barton, the American philanthropist, was born in 1830. She first became a teacher and founded a free school at Borderntown, N. J., opening it with six pupils. In 1854 it had grown to 600, when she became a clerk in the patent office at Washington. On the outbreak of the civil war she resigned her clerkship and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals and on the battlefield. In 1864 she was appointed to the charge of the hospitals at the front of the army of the James. She was present at several battles, and in 1865 was placed by President Lincoln in charge of the search for missing men of the Union armies, having already devoted much time to that work at her own expense.

During the Franco-Prussian war she went to Europe, where she assisted the Red Cross society in its work. At the close of this war Miss Barton was decorated with the Golden Cross of Baden and the Iron Cross of Germany. In 1881, when the American Red Cross society was organized, she was made its president and in that capacity in 1888 had charge of the measures to relieve the sufferers from the Mississippi and Ohio floods. Five years later she had charge of movements in behalf of the sufferers from the floods at Johnstown, Pa., and in 1892 distributed relief to the Russian famine sufferers; in 1896 she personally directed relief measures at the scenes of the Armenian massacres; in 1898, at the request of President McKinley, took relief to the Cuban reconcentrados and performed field work during the war with Spain. Miss Barton also undertook in 1900 to direct the relief of the sufferers at Galveston, but she broke down physically.

COURSE OF RIVERS

Please give the directions in which the following rivers run: St. Marys, Detroit, St. Clair and Niagara.—B. C., Cyclone, W. Va.

The St. Marys river runs southward as do the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. The course of the Niagara river is nearly northward.

U. S. POPULATION

Please give the number of males and females in the United States, according to the 1910 census. Compare these figures with several of the former census statistics.—G. M., Leon, W. Va.

In 1900 there were 38,816,448 males and 37,178,127 females in the United States. In 1890 there were 32,327,101 males and 30,710,613 females, and in 1880 there were 25,518,820 males and 24,636,963 females. The 1900 statistics are the latest we have.

PHILANDER C KNOX

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Philander C. Knox?—P. B., Creekside, Pa.

Philander Chase Knox, the present secretary of state in Taft's cabinet, was born May 6, 1853, in the town of Brownsville, Pa. In 1872 he graduated from Mt. Union college in Ohio, and went to Pittsburg, where he read law in the office of H. B. Swope. In 1905 he received a degree at the University of Pennsylvania and two years later he received another from Yale. In 1875 Knox was admitted to the bar, and the following year was made assistant United States district attorney in the western district of Pennsylvania. In 1877 he and James H. Reed established the law firm of Knox & Reed. Knox was attorney general in the cabinets of McKinley and Roosevelt, and in 1904 was appointed United States senator from Pennsylvania by Governor Pennypacker. He served the unexpired term of Senator Quay, who had died, and in 1905 he was elected for a full term. When Taft became president Knox resigned from the senate in order to enter the former's cabinet as secretary of state. In the presidential convention of 1908 Knox received 68 votes for the nomination.

SCHUYLER COLFAX

Will you please give an account of the life of Schuyler Colfax?—P. Y. P., Chillicothe, Mo.

Schuyler Colfax, the American statesman, was born in New York, March 23, 1823, and died in Mankato, Minn., January 13, 1885. In 1836 he removed to Indiana where in 1845 he acquired a newspaper at South Bend, which he made the most influential Whig journal in the district. In 1848 and 1852 he was a delegate to the Whig conventions; and in 1854 was elected to congress after running on the ticket of the newly formed Republican party. He was re-elected until 1869, being three times chosen speaker of the lower house. Colfax was elected vice president of this country in 1868 in Grant's first term. In 1873 he was implicated in the Credit Mobilier charges though his friends say it was unjustly done. Colfax spent the remainder of his life in political retirement, making public appearances only on the lecture platform. He was the founder of the Daughters of Rebekah branch of American Odd Fellowship.

WIDTH OF THE AMAZON

Will the Question Bureau please tell me the width of the Amazon river at its mouth?—F. U. J., Melvern, Kan.

The breadth of the Amazon river varies greatly. Near its source it is about one mile wide, while its width at the mouth is from 50 to 200 miles. The main outlet above the Island of Caviana is about 50 miles wide. The whole delta region, including the Para river and the island of Marajo, is nearly 200 miles in width.

HALLOWEEN

Please give a short account of the origin of Halloween in the columns of your paper.—R. C. D., Ironspot, O.

Like almost all the Christian festivals, Hallomas, or All Saints' day, is associated with an ancient pagan celebration of great antiquity, and from this older rite many of its curious and singular observations are derived. Halloween is the vigil of the feast of All Saints, and the custom of its elaborate observance is general everywhere, though its greatest development has been reached in Scotland. Modern practice has largely omitted what at one time was the most important part of Halloween ritual—that is, the lighting of bonfires at nightfall by each household. From this practice the relationship that it bears to the older Druidical festival of Samuin is apparent. This was a great occasion in the days of the ancient pagan worship, and all the hearts were on this day rekindled from the sacred fire. The feast of All Saints was introduced very early by the Christian church because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint. In the fourth century, when the persecution of the Christians had ceased, the first Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek church as the day for commemorating the martyrs generally. In the Church of Rome, a like festival was introduced by Pope Gregory IV. in 835, and appointed for the first day of November. It was admitted into England about 870, and probably about the same time into Ireland and Scotland. The festival is common to the Roman Catholic, English and Lutheran branches of the church. The leading idea of Halloween is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences are strong, and charms, therefore, will not fail to work. Spirits, both good and evil, walk abroad on this one mysterious night, and divination attains its highest power. All who choose may avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion with the certainty that their questions will be answered.

DEATH OF MURAT

Please give the cause of the death of Murat, the French general.—F. S. J., Charlotte, Mich.

Joachim Murat was a cavalry general in the army of Napoleon. As a reward for his services when Napoleon was in possession of his greatest power and influence Murat was placed upon the throne of Naples. After the disastrous Russian campaign, in which he assisted Napoleon, Murat returned to Naples very much discouraged and discontented. But in 1813 he again fought for the great general, but after the battle of Leipsic he deserted him. The following year Murat entered into a treaty with England and Austria which guaranteed him his throne on the condition that he would join the coalition against Napoleon. But in 1815 he took up arms for Napoleon, was defeated by Generals Neipperg and Bianchi and forced to leave Italy, taking refuge in Toulon. After the overthrow of Napoleon Murat escaped to Corsica and sea sail for the Neapolitan territory with a view to recover his kingdom. On October 8 he landed at Pizzo, but was immediately captured, tried by court-martial, condemned and shot.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Will you publish a short account of the life of Kate Douglas Wiggin?—C. I. B., Vermilion, O.

Kate Douglas Smith Wiggin, the American author, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 28, 1857. She was educated at Abbott academy, in Andover, Mass. In 1876 she went to California, where she studied the kindergarten system in Los Angeles, and later at San Francisco organized the first free kindergarten in the west. In 1880 she was married to S. B. Wiggin, a lawyer, who died nine years later. Then she moved to New York, where, in 1895, she was married to George C. Riggs. She has published several works which have attained great favor in this country and in England.

MISCELLANEOUS

P. W. P., Sabina, O.—Cannot give you a sketch of the life of Houghton Townley.

C. T. E., Blacksville, W. Va.—The names of towns are not abbreviated.

J. S. R., Oakland, Kan.—President Taft receives an annual salary of $75,000 and $25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

South African News Service.

London Chronicle.

The rapid transmission of news among Kaffirr and Hotentots is a mystery which even Mr. Rider Haggard is unable to solve. Mr. Haggard was at Pretoria in 1879, at the time of the battle of Isandhlwana. Twelve hours after the disaster an old Hottentot washer woman told him that Cotegayo had defeated the British troops, and gave details of the fight. So impressed was Mr. Haggard that he reported the information to his official superior.

The British official pointed out that it was impossible for the news to be true, as Isandhlwana was 192 miles from Pretoria, and no telegraphic or railway communication existed between the two places. On the following day official confirmation of the disaster was brought by mounted messengers, who were dispatched immediately after the battle and traveled at top speed all the way. Yet the natives won by 20 hours, and the washerwoman's story was true in every detail.

William Penn's School.

Westminster Gazette.

Chigwell grammar school, where it is proposed to commemorate William Penn, who was probably educated there, must have proved an unpropitious alma mater for a Quaker. It had been founded in the reign of Charles I by Dr. Harsnett the high church archbishop of York, who was fiercely assailed by the Puritans and accused in the house of commons of many misdemeanors. Archbishop Harsnett directed that the head master should be "a good poet, of a sound religion, neither papist nor Puritan, no tippler nor haunter of public houses, no puffer of tobacco," but "apt to teach and strict in government." His pupils were to read the ancient Greek and Latin, "no novelties nor conceited modern authors." Opposite the school is the picturesque old King's Head hotel, where Dickens wrote Barnaby Rudge, in which the name is disguised as the Maypole.

Runters Wear Red.

Hunters in the state of Washington are taking no chances this fall being mistaken for deer, bear or woodchucks. In speaking of the opening of the hunting season the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says: "Yesterday the dealers in hunters' supplies had a brisk trade in red flannel shirts and red sweaters, which were of such brilliant hues that the squad of big game hunters looked like a regiment of Garibaldi's patriots. The red shirts and the red caps are to distinguish the hunters from the game which is to be pursued and to lessen the chances as much as possible of being shot by accident."

Quick Home Cure for Piles

Trial Package Absolutely Free—Will You Spend a Post-Card for It?

If you are a sufferer from piles, instant relief is yours for the asking, and a speedy permanent cure will follow.

The Pyramid Drug Co., 390 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich., will send you free, in a plain wrapper, a trial package of Pyramid Pile Cure, the wonderful sure and certain cure for the tortures of this dread disease. Thousands have already taken advantage of this offer, thousands know for the first time in years what it is to be free from the pains, the itching, the awful agony of piles.

Pyramid Pile Cure relieves the pain and itching immediately. The inflammation goes down, the swellings reduced and soon the disease is gone absolutely.

No matter how desperate you think your case is, write in today for the free trial treatment. Then, when you have used it in the privacy of your own home and found out for yourself how efficacious it is, you can get the full-size package at any drug store for 50 cents. Every day you suffer after reading this notice you suffer needlessly. Simply fill out free coupon and mail today.

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PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 390 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Kindly send me a sample of Pyramid Pile Cure, at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

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Grant in the Orient.

In view of the many present-day speculations as to the great possibilities of development of the far east, it is interesting to note what Gen. Grant was impressed with in China and Japan when he visited them 32 years ago, long before Japan was thought of as a world power. A letter from each of these countries is included among several written to his intimate friend, Gen Edward F. Beale, published in Scribner's Magazine for October. He did not think even 20 years was too short a time to expect remarkable things of China, a time that is long past without that expectation's being fulfilled. "I must say," he remarked, in a letter dated at Pekin, June 7, 1879, "that neither the country nor the people attract the traveler to pay them a second visit," but regarding their future he counted on these qualities:

"In the first place they are enduring patient to the last degree industrious, and have brought living down to a minimum. By their shrewdness and economy they have monopolized nearly all of the carrying trade—coastwise—of the east; they are driving out all other merchants; through India, Malay, Siam and the islands from the shores of Africa to Japan, they are the mechanics, market gardeners, stevedores, small traders, servants and everything else that goes to mark material progress. They are not a military power, and could not defend themselves against even a small European power. Their leading men thoroughly appreciate their weakness, but understand at the same time the history of Turkey, Egypt and others powers that have made rapid strides toward the new civilization on borrowed capital and with foreign management and control. Their idea seems to be to gradually educate a sufficient number of their own people to fill all places in the development of railroads, manufactories, telegraphs and everything new to them, but common—if not old—with us. Then, with their own men and capital, to commence a serious advancement. I would not be surprised to hear within the next 20 years, if I should live so long, more complaint of Chinese absorption of the trade and commerce of the world than we hear now of their backward position. But before this change begins to show itself there will be a change of dynasty. The present form of government gives no state power whatever. It may take off the heads of weak offenders or of a few obnoxious persons but it is asweak against outside powers as we would be if 'states rights,' as interpreted by the southern Democrats prevailed. There are so many powers within the government as to prevent the whole from exercising its full strength against the common enemy."

Gen. Grant's impressions of Japan are summed up in a briefer letter dated Tokio, August 7, 1879, thus:

"I have now been six or seven weeks in Japan. The country and the people are exceedingly interesting. The progress that has been made in this country in a few years is more like a romance than a reality. They have school facilities for every child in the empire, male and female, equal to the northern states of the union. Their naval and military academies, their colleges and their school of science are equal to the best of ours in the course taught and mode of instruction. In all the higher educational institutions the text books are in English, hence the students must learn English. Already the mass of their professors are natives, many of them having been educated in the schools where they now teach."

ALL FREE

10 Different Presents — All Free

This is positively the most liberal and biggest Doll Offer ever made. Think of the endless amount of pleasure a little girl can have with this wonderful collection of presents. All are given **Absolutely Free** to advertise and introduce our business in your locality. All that is required is a few minutes—at the outside not over half a day of your time. Read below and send coupon and we will take care of the rest.

Description of Presents

Our life-size doll is bigger than the ordinary baby—nearly two feet high. She is beautifully and stylishly dressed from head to toe, including large picture hat, trimmed with plume, lace, etc., fancy sateen dress with yoke, complete underwear, stockings, slippers with buckles, etc. Bisque body, jointed arms and legs, long curly waxen hair; opens and closes her eyes.

Dolly's buggy or go-cart is substantially made and amply large enough for Dolly to sit in, as shown in the above picture. It is guaranteed to run smoothly. Dolly's little chatelaine watch looks just like a real watch, and she is very proud of it.

Our little baby doll is very sweet and lovely, with long hair.

The five piece furniture set is the cutest doll set you ever saw—regular dining-room table already set up and four upright dining-room chairs.

Just imagine the good times the little girl can have dressing dolly, making clothes for baby doll, and taking both out riding in the go-cart, serving dinner and tea, etc., etc.

Do not forget our little doll's playhouse, which is given extra for promptness, as explained elsewhere in this offer.

How to Secure All

If you want my ten grand doll premiums, simply sign your name on the coupon below and send to me promptly. I will then send you twelve of my new style, large, 16x20 inches, all **gold** illuminated text pictures, with decorations. These pictures are brand new and made especially for me; none like them on the market. You distribute these gold text pictures free on my special plan—collecting 25c with each picture. Then you send me the $3.00 collected and the same day received I will ship you the big dressed doll, go-cart, five-piece dining-room set, baby doll, doll's chatelaine watch and also doll's house for promptness—not one, but **all ten presents.**

If you do not care to distribute my new gold text pictures on my easy plan, after receiving them, they can be returned at my expense. Nearly everyone, however, who sees my new pictures and hears about my new plan will jump at the offer, and you can do the distributing in a very little time. All you need to do now is to send the coupon without delay.

Doll's House Extra

Our handsome little Doll's House is decorated in colors, with painted chimney, windows, porch, etc. It is given extra and in addition to the other nine presents included in this offer, **just for promptness.** Send the coupon below **promptly**—at once, and get this nice little Doll's House as an extra present to complete the combination.

Send this coupon today

No Money Required My Company is a two and a half million dollar corporation, and I furnish highest references. Remember, if you do not care to distribute my new gold text pictures on my new plan—all well and good. I run all the risks, guarantee my presents and pay all postage. Don't fail to send the coupon at once and take advantage of this wonderful offer now. 1,000 grateful letters and large illustration of premiums in colors will be sent you.

M. CLARK, Sec'y, 107-111 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Just Send This Coupon

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE

M. CLARK
Sec'y
107-111 So. Clinton St.
CHICAGO

Dear Sir:—Send me your twelve new all-gold illuminated text pictures to distribute on your new plan, which will entitle me to all your nine doll presents and the extra present for promptness. I am under no obligation to distribute pictures after receiving your plan and can return at your expense.

Name _____

Address _____

331

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once as I am going to send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach—

Now please remember these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county. Address—

DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE:—The above house is perfectly reliable.

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$4.50 DOWN

PRICE $17.50

This high grade shot gun is fitted with Rummel's No. 14 Armory Steel barrels, full tapered choke, bored for either black or smokeless powder —12 or 16 gauge, 28 or 30 inch lengths, 7¼ to 8 pounds. Top lever action—hammers cock and throw safety automatically. Sent for $4.50 Down and $2.00 a month—no interest—no extras and you have 7 months in which to complete payment on this gun that will compare favorably with any $40 or $60 gun made. Every man wants a good gun, but not every man can afford to pay the full amount cash down—therefore, we have just lately decided to sell high grade fire arms on

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

A Good Habit

The very thing that you have been wanting may be advertised in this issue of The Blade. You will never find it, however, if you don't give attention to the advertising columns. This is a good rule to follow every week. Cultivate the habit of keeping your eyes open. It is a good one.

What has become of the old-fashioned open-face applebutter pie?

About all that can be said in favor of a double chin is that it has some prestige in an argument.

Many people hope the millennium will arrive soon, and yet they can't be sure that they will like it.

No true lover of nature ever goes around declaring, in sepulchral tones, that life is a vale of tears.

Senator La Follette doesn't look big enough to become the nucleus of a great political movement.

Governor Folk of Missouri isn't attracting any more attention than a vice president of the United States.

Justice Harlan will be missed. He kept the supreme court from being unanimous on many notable occasions.

The megaphone would be a valuable thing on the farm, where it could be used to call the hired man at 4 a. m.

If they make corn the national flower some men will want theirs bottled and others will prefer it in the wood.

We base our prediction of a long cold winter on the fact that this year's chestnut worms are fatter than usual.

Dorothy Dix says a woman should be a genius for little things. Would she include babies in her list of little things?

At last Mr. Bryan announces that he will never be President. It sounds like the true saying of a beardless prophet.

Taxes have gone so high in Japan that the little nation may not feel like whipping anybody for several years to come.

Senator La Follette would like to know when Indiana's alphabetical hen is going to lay an egg with an "L" on one end.

If Senator La Follette should be nominated by the Republicans, Mr. Bryan might change his mind and decide to run again.

It's our notion that everybody will have to have his liver regulated and in good working order before the millennium can come.

If the man who stole a lake from John D. Rockefeller's Tarrytown home will return the same no questions will be asked.

A Kansas reformer wants to abolish all state legislatures. That would be more humane than giving them rough on rats.

Although they will not be expected to improve the climate, women of California will have an opportunity to show what they can do in the way of other reforms.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. While some are preaching against lax marital laws others are trying to think of an original excuse for getting a divorce.

In Illinois there is a young woman who weighs 850 pounds. We imagine that Fashion would not accomplish much by trying to tell her where the waist line should be located.

John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and James J. Hill—what an interesting quartet of loafers they would make around the stove in a country store.

Until the cost of living is reduced few people can take time to sympathize with the poor fellow whose emotions are wrought with the thought that nobody loves a millionaire.

A Kansas judge scoffs at the idea of love at first sight. Probably he is one of those phlegmatic fellows who keep the girls guessing for seven years and then marry in doubt.

A New York young man has entered Harvard with six trunks, 20 suits and 10 pairs of shoes. Nobody, however, has gone to the trouble of predicting a brilliant future for him.

Dr. Eliot says a classical education helps a man to solve every problem of life. There are exceptions. We know a man with a classical education who has tried everything from teaching school to digging postholes, and he is still living with his father-in-law.

THE LOW AVERAGE.

The average yield of wheat per acre in the United States this year is estimated at 9.7 bushels, that of corn, 23.8 bushels.

In Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," the average wheat yield of New York is given as 18.9 bushels and the best yield as 60 bushels. Averages for wheat in other localities run from 7 to 8 bushels in North Carolina to 30 bushels in New Mexico. The best yields run from 80 bushels in Alabama and North Carolina to 78 bushels under "garden culture" in Wyoming. Average corn yields are as low as 13 bushels in North Carolina and 14 bushels in Alabama. Indiana and Wisconsin show as high averages as 40 and 41 bushels respectively. At the time the Cyclopedia was published no better yields than 100 bushels to the acre had been recorded. New York, North Carolina and Wisconsin could boast returns that high.

Professor Bailey wrote:

If the best yields, as reported in these tables, have any significance, it is to show what has been accomplished, and, therefore, what can be accomplished again, even though in special cases the best reported yields seem to be very exceptional. Unfortunately, the average yields of all crops are greatly lowered from the average yields attained by successful and painstaking growers by the small yields of the careless and indifferent growers and the small figures of poor crop years. Hence, no progressive farmer will be satisfied merely to attain the average.

ON HEARING FROM THE DEAD.

Dr. J. H. Hyslop, lecturing in New York, said that at last he had proved by scientific tests not to be questioned, that there is life beyond the grave and that those who have gone on can be communicated with. "We are surrounded,' he said, "by millions and billions of souls, freed from their earthly casings. Not all of them are always present, yet any of them can come to us at will and make known their presence."

Dr. Hyslop's statements will be questioned, of course. Scores of persons will find fault with his "science." Others will denounce him as demented, as they always do whenever the doctor breaks into print. Even many to whom never a doubt as to the immortality of the soul comes will condemn the assertions as nonsense.

Yet what does it matter, in an instance of the sort, if Dr. Hyslop's discoveries are based upon error, if he is self-deluded or deceived by natural phenomena unknown to us now and having no relation to the hereafter? No modern philosophical writer attempts to define absolute truth. He admits it only as something which may be approached. No proposition may be dogmatically set down as the truth, unquestioned, untainted of the varying influence of the senses. Though Dr. Hyslop's beliefs might be shot full of holes, the methods of his opponents are similarly open to attack. At the close of the argument, Dr. Hyslop will be better off for the company and sympathy of that great mass which fails to find in earthly life a complete justification for bearing the "whips and scorns of time" and, though believing in immortality because it wishes to believe, yet hungers for reassurance. It is not worth while disputing whether or not the psychical researcher has learned the truth. The big point is that he has brought comfort to those who feel the need of the kind of comforting he can give.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY.

The one just complaint that can be made against the system of primary elections is that in practice it has failed to appeal to the imaginations of a large percentage of voters. Citizens have been indifferent. They have thought themselves too busy to exercise the right of making nominations. They have entertained mistaken notions as to the value of the primaries as a part of the machinery of selecting public servants.

This defect may disappear as the voters become more accustomed to primary elections and consider it a necessary adjunct to the final elections. We believe there is one thing which will help to remove the fault, the blame for which may be set down entirely to apathy. This is the establishment of presidential primaries.

Nearly all voters have acquired a liking for some particular presidential candidate long before the national conventions are held. They have gained a fairly intelligent understanding of the worthiness of the timber which each party convention is to vote upon. They have decided whether they would perfer a "favorite son," known principally to themselves, to some figure of greater national prominence.

In the situation, a presidential primary election would come very near to drawing the whole voting population to the polls. It would make the primaries of the national election years all that has been hoped for the primary, all that has been claimed for it—a truly democratic institution, controlled not by minorities, but by the majority of the people.

Aside from the value that the presidential primary would have in taking national nominations beyond the possibility of control by machine politics, by log-rolling trickeries and by solid usefulness—not easily to be measured—that of promoting the efficacy of all primary elections.

PATENT TRUSTS.

If congress decides that the destruction of the trusts is a dream impossible of realization and that government regulation is the sane and sensible solution of the great problem, one of the big difficulties with which it must deal will be the monopolies developed out of the ownership of patents.

The department of justice is now attempting to break up two trusts whose power is based entirely upon patent rights. One is the shoe machinery trust, whose iniquities have been cause for complaint on the part of shoe manufacturers for years, and because of whose exactions the price of footwear has gone up in spite of tariff reductions. The other is the bath-tub trust, which is said to exercise its control by owning and keeping absolute hold upon a simple implement used in the process of manufacture.

The trusts, if brought under regulation, will be licensed and controlled, not for the good of the trusts themselves, but for the benefit of the public. Plainly a monopoly which does not represent enterprise, risk of money, and personal labor is not to be tolerated. The government might just as well issue a guarantee of interest to a loan shark as to lend its patent laws to industrial despotism.

SKIMMING DISH NAVIGATION.

A traveler, amazed at the success of a steamboat in navigating one of the shallow streams of Florida, remarked laconically to the captain: "I suppose you do better in the morning when the dew is heavy?" "Yes," answered the skipper, "though we get along all right in the afternoon if we send a man ahead with a sprinkling-pot."

This pleasant ideal in the art of transportation may, it seems, be approached very nearly upon the waters of fact. The Scientific American has recently described a craft which combines the hydroplane with the aeroplane. It has supporting wings like a flying machine, a propeller which drives through the air, and floats which merely skim over the surface of the water. It has stood practical tests. Even in choppy seas it is able to move swiftly, though with some jolting to the operator.

There are tracts of marsh land about here, fascinating stretches of wildness, whose shallow channels even the light draught duckboats of the hunters cannot navigate. The power boat and the sailboat are stopped at Maumee upon the river. It takes a native familiar with the bars to dare the shore length of Cedar Point. That beautiful sheet of water in which the Sandusky river joins the lake is closed, most of it, to the boatowner unacquainted with its bewildering changes of depth.

If the aero-hydroplane carries out its promises, a new country will be opened to those upon these shores who prefer exploration and varying scenes to sailing upon the open waters.

... THE ARMY OF BOYS

It was an army of boys that fought the Civil war, boys of an age that now would be in high school or in their early apprenticeship, old enough for assuming a manly swing, but not old enough to feel confident in the presence of the razor.

The fact—so hard for the newer generations to realize—came home again when it was pointed out that when the 111th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, next holds its reunion it will have been fifty years since the regiment was organized. Take fifty years from the lives of the men who met here the other day and you put them back to the period in life, that but for the cause which placed them in arms, would still have held them under the anxious watchfulness of mothers and not yet attained to the privilege of staying out late o'nights. The records show that sickness carried away nearly 200,000 soldiers of the Union ranks and some thousands of others who were penned up in the confederate prisons. It may be that those who escaped disease, an enemy that proved twice as formidable as powder and shell, should have to thank the high vitality of youth for it. An older army—less cheerful if less reckless—might have succumbed more quickly under hardship, might have found the surrender of comfort more trying and the terror of war more unendurable.

There is a favorite type for the figure upon the soldiers' monuments scattered throughout the north. It is a deceptive type, too mature, too certain of poise. Instead, the figure should be that of a youngster upon whose shoulders a musket should seem as out of place as a child at the breast of a girl.

INDUSTRIAL WAR OR SOCIALISM?

The world cries for peace. Black-visaged war was never before, in all the life history of humanity, held in lower esteem. The throbbing drums no longer stir the blood of patriotism nor do the bright banners cause the heart to hunger for opportunity to march forth and murder the alien There is a gloomy day ahead for the armor maker.

But what avail is it if war among the nations is to be reduced to a by-word and a hissing and war upon industry follow after? What is it worth to bind all the races together and then devote every energy to disintegrate domestic peace, to hold friendship among the enterprising in abhorrence, to denounce co-operation and picture with glowing pigments the beauties of a chaos of competition.

Mr. Taft has described the Sherman anti-trust law as an inspiration promising us a return to that wondrous state wherein business snarls and fights and struggles, wherein the consumer shall benefit upon the one hand by the ruin of competitors and lose upon the other in the panic of disorganization. Mr. Taft has praised the weapon against association of individuals and, in the same hour, disclosed a vision of the anarchy of economic dissolution. And for those ills he offers, of all things, the salve of fellowship! "What is the remedy?" he asks. "It is the restoration of confidence between the classes of persons who have been opposing each other in times past, who now, after the reforms are initiated and are in progress of being effected, ought to come together in amity and make the best use of the enormous resources we have in this country for the promotion of general prosperity and the securing and encouragement of individual happiness."

The President argues that we must choose between competition and Socialism. He, for one, would "throw away the crutch of combination." We wonder if the business associations the agricultural leagues, the consumers' societies and the labor unions think they must necessarily go on to Socialism because they resort to co-operation? It is impossible to believe that that is the inevitable end of the changing formulas of business and enterprise. But were Socialism the end, we believe the country would take it in preference to an unending industrial war, without truce, without quarter.

CURTAINS FOR NOVEMBER.

Our subscribers whose time expires next month will receive very liberal propositions for renewal. We anticipate receiving clubs of 10 from all those who so favored us last year, and we urge those who sent us clubs of four last year to increase the number to 10 where possible, as the curtain premium and extra free copy will certainly compensate the little extra effort.

FIRES IN SEPTEMBER.

Whitehall, N. Y., Pulaski, Ill., and Frenchtown, Mont., are in course of rebuilding, fire having virtually wiped them out last month. A millinery establishment at Louisville was destroyed in September at a loss of $30,000. Slightly less was the cost of a fire in a lumber plant at Grand Rapids, Mich. At Brightwood, Ind., railroad shops burned and $300,000 worth of property was lost. An oil plant at Vernon, Cal., furnished a $250,000 fire and another fire at Kewaskum, Wis., totaled an equal loss.

"The Fire Fiend"—as the old-time reporters wrote—didn't have as good a time last month as it had in September of 1910, and in the same month of the year before. But still there was nothing to complain about, the destruction it wrought having amounted to $11,333,250.

The doctrine of conservation doesn't apply to public lands, waterpower, forests, coal and the farm only. There is conservation to be studied by every city and town in the United States and Canada.

SLAVERY UP TO DATE

In the rank vegetation of ideas which has grown out of the railway strike of England is a bill, introduced at the Trades Disputes Congress, which provides for enforced arbitration. Labor courts are to be established and while any case is before it, it will constitute a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and heavy fines, for any workman to go upon strike.

It is the practiced lawmaker who shines most brilliantly when it comes to writing foolish laws. A bill of the nature recommended makes it compulsory for a workman to stay upon a job whether he desires to or not. It ties him to his bench by the simple process of filing the papers in a labor dispute. It is, in fact, a measure of slavery.

The most interesting part of the bill is that it was fathered by a parliamentary member of the Labor party.

BOTH OF 'EM BETTER.

The state of the reclamation service at the end of the last fiscal year, according to government report, was:

Progress has been rapid and the activities of the bureau have been extended to 28 projects, which to date involve the expenditure of approximately $59,580,000 in the United States proper.

In the eight years of its work the service has built 5,967 miles of canals, many of which carry whole rivers. It has excavated 19 miles of tunnels and built 24,295 canal structures and 2,195 bridges. It has completed three of the highest dams in the world. Its excavations of rock and earth amount to the enormous total of 73,666,000 cubic yards. Its roads have a total of 570 miles; telephones, 1,695 miles; levees, 75 miles. It has purchased 905,682 ls of cement and has manufactured barrels of cement and has manufactured in its own mill 340,000 barrels.

As a result of its work water is available for 1,086,000 acres of land. The gross value of crops produced on the lands irrigated by the government projects in 1910 was $20,000,000. As a result of the work of the government it is estimated that land values have increased more than $105,800,000.

Approximately 14,000 families are now residing on farms which are being watered by the government canals. Not less than 25,000 people have been added to the population of the cities, towns and villages as a direct result of the government work.

This was the service which Secretary Ballinger tried to demoralize, since he was not empowered with authority to destroy it altogether. He was busy with that task when he reluctantly had to drop it in order to defend himself before a congressional investigating committee. Mr. Ballinger resigned on account of "ill health." We trust he is improved. Certainly, the reclamation service is better.

RESTORING CITIZENSHIP.

If a person were to read the speeches delivered during the first few years of the American republic or were to search the newspapers of the period painstakingly, the chances are he would find not a single complaint against the "stay-at-home" voter. Rather, there would be discovered protests against limitations of the suffrage, denunciations on one side of restrictions, insistence upon another side that the restrictions were insufficient. The right to vote was prized in those days.

The country is experiencing another revolution. Representative government is assaulted by a constantly widening movement which demands direct government, putting in the hands of each man the privilege of initiating legislation, compelling law makers to refer the laws they have made to the people and subjecting each public servant to the menace of immediate dismissal should a majority of the voting population so express its will. Opinions differ as to the wisdom of this change in governmental method as day differs from night. There is no position for halfway views, no place for moderates.

Whether one is taken with the propaganda for direct government or believes that, given the right kind of a hired hand, the hired hand can carry out orders, it must be admitted that the agitation promises to take us back to that happier state wherein every man assumed his responsibility as a citizen and put a just value upon his ballot. It would be a misstatement of facts to say political conditions were ideal when our great-grandfathers made a point of exercising the suffrage as they made a point of accepting money due them. But each great-grandfather voted according to his lights, in keeping with his convictions and prejudices and—as history narrates—in relation, sometimes, to the degree of his intoxication.

We all flatter ourselves that we are better able to sit in judgment upon our complex problems than the forebears were competent to pass upon their simple difficulties. Illiteracy is rare where then it was common. Men are better trained on material questions even if they know less of the Scriptures. The spread-eagle speech no longer carries the crowds off their feet and the politician must work by secret and devious methods where his predecessor succeeded with ordinary buncombe. The exercise of the suffrage on the part of all the voters is bound in the nature of things, we believe, to restore the citizen's sense of responsibility not only, but also because the average of intelligence is constantly rising, to bring about a vast amount of betterment in civic affairs. So much will the agitation for direct government perform, whether or not the formulas advocated prove worthy or fail disastrously.

A WAR OF CONQUEST

When Cromwell Dixon, the aeronaut, was killed at Spokane, Wash., in the last week of September, the eighty-seventh death had been chronicled to aviation. He was the fifty-fourth person to be killed this year.

Since the boy Dixon, a mass of shattered bones and torn flesh, was lifted from the ground and borne to his burial, several other lives have been given up. On Thursday, one more was surrendered, Eugene Ely losing control of his machine while giving an exhibition at a country fair in Georgia.

Years before the Wright brothers had made a sustained flight, a man who dabbled in prophecy said that aerial navigation would come, but it might be at a loss as heavy as that of a war between nations. Flying is possible, but far from being perfected. It has made a start in piling up costs, in getting a list of dead and wounded. The prediction is very near a justification today. Before aerial flight is a thing so safe that anyone not of reckless fibre may go aloft the record of aviation will read like a war of conquest, grim, bloody and unutterably cruel.

THE CHICAGO CONFERENCE.

To the mass of Progressive Republicans of the country, the most satisfactory feature of the Chicago conference will be the obvious futility of the effort to hitch them and their principles to the La Follette balloon. That 200 men, self-appointed delegates from a fraction of the states, can be taken seriously as a national representative body of Republicans is a patent absurdity. And that Progressive Republicans throughout the nation must accept the dictum of the conference without reserve or dissent is equally obviously impossible.

The unwisdom of the conferees in attempting to force a pledge of support to the Wisconsin senator's boom and in finally securing a "recommendation," must be apparent to everyone. The action, if it carried with it the finality the conference sought to give its decision, would parallel the mistake of the good old woman of tradition who put all her eggs in one basket. It would mean, in its ultimate, that Progressive Republican principles must stand or fall with the personal political fortunes of one politician. And that, of course, is a condition that the earnest, sincere progressive sentiment of the party cannot accept or permit.

There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Republicans across the land who would welcome the defeat of Mr. Taft in the next national convention. They are men who believe in the Republican party, its traditions and its doctrines and who are setting seriously about the work of forcing a change in party leadership that will restore Republicanism to its place as the unwavering champion of progressive principles. They care nothing for the outworn precedent that has dictated second-term presidential nominations in the past. They want a national convention that will promulgate a platform and name a candidate that will insure a continuation of the wisdom and patriotism that have characterized so great a part of the Republican party's history in the last 60 years.

And, believing these things and desiring these things, Progressive Republicans are not likely to follow blindly the lead of one candidate and his supporters. In the final estimate of the action of the Chicago conference Senator La Follette must suffer. Careful consideration of the situation must lead thoughtful men to the conclusion that the Wisconsin candidate has deliberately jeopardized the whole great progressive movement to promote his personal ambitions. A word from him would have prevented any "recommendation" or talk of endorsement. But the word was lacking and as a result the splendid country-wide movement for real progress stands for the moment garbed in the tawdry raiment of a presidential boom.

The Blade does not believe that the unfortunate condition following the conferences will be allowed to continue. There are other men than Mr. La Follette and Mr. Taft notably fitted for Republican leadership. There has been no die cast and no final word spoken. There is still time and opportunity for Progressive Republicanism to win, unitedly, the battle it is fighting and must continue to fight. This newspaper, for one, holding fast to progressive principles and the Rooseveltian faith, must decline to admit that the title of those principles and that faith rests in Mr. La Follette or any other man.

TO BE REGRETTED.

While Italy is giving Tripoli first-hand knowledge of high-powered guns, while the Chinese reformers are convincing their backward brothers that it is better to rebel and live than to stand for the Manchus and die at once, while Germany and Britain are taking breaths before starting to snarl again and while Mexico and Nicaragua are threatening to muss up their peace once more—it is a relief to pick up a little book recently come with the author's compliments. It is entitled "A Constitution for World-Wide Federation."

The work contains a prescription against internal troubles. It tells just what to do in cases of internal eruptions. It is the poultice of universality, drawing out the ills of war and woe, subduing all turbulent politics and putting a stopper upon the Cramps' battleship building enterprises. It is a sure cure. We are confident of it. But the trouble is, the world won't swallow the dose. Which is too bad, after all that labor and expense of writing a "Constitution for World-Wide Federation."

LITERATURE BY FREIGHT.

The monthly magazines are good haters. They can carry a grouch as far as their circulation reaches.

The postmaster general made an effort to increase the postal rates upon magazines, bringing the price of the service somewhere near the cost of the service. But he failed. The senate was afraid of the magazine trust, some members having been muckraked and others fearing they would be. The postmaster general, having determined upon curing his department of its chronic deficit, sought to make economies do that which an increased postage rate would have performed. So he devised the scheme of sending the magazines out by fast freight.

The time of publication has been crowded up a few days. Editors have been compelled to do a little extra work for a while to meet the adjustment. For a week, perhaps, printing and other labor costs went up.

The magazines are peevish under the regulation. You may have noticed that the splash of red ink upon the covers has been bigger and of a deeper, more angry shade. In the end, it hasn't made any difference. Business runs as smoothly as ever. But the magazine dignity has been hurt. And the editors can never forgive Hitchcock for that period of extra work he put upon them. There must have been hours, you see, when they could take time to yawn only once where before they yawned without limit. The courts have been asked to compel the postmaster general to return to the old and more expensive system of shipping corset advertisements. And if the judge will rebuke the postmaster general, directing his attention to the fact that he is a hyena, the judge and not La Follette will be the magazine candidate for the Presidency.

Sunday School

OLD SONGS FOR NEW TIMES

International Sunday School Lesson for October 29 Is "A Psalm of Deliverance." Psalm 85.

By William T. Ellis.

If one judged the public taste and intelligence by the "popular songs" of the day, he would have warrant for turning pessimist. What people really think of these current jingles is shown by the short duration of their vogue; a few weeks, or months at the most, is the longest that the public will endure them, and then others, equally bad, take their place.

Not so with the old songs. The great poems of our tongue find increasing favor as the years pass. The old songs grow dearer against the ugly background of these new productions. The poems that touch the depths of nature abide.

And it is a striking fact, of more than strictly religious interest, that the most popular songs in all human speech are an inheritance from the ancient Hebrews, the newest of the songs being older than the Christian era. A simple, pastoral people, expressing at once the primitive and the sublimest human emotions, have given the world its loftiest literature.

The Permanent Passions.

A rather ludicrous group of social faddists believe that they can make over human nature by hanging choice pictures on the walls of ignorance, providing fine music for undiscriminating ears, and talking vague idealism to men and women engrossed in the hard realities of life. Little they reck of persisting human nature. They think to evolve an ideal civilization in a generation or two; but they conveniently ignore the long millenniums in which human nature has remained essentially the same.

The power of the appeal of the Psalms resides in their fidelity to the fundamental, abiding passions of life. They are true to universal sentiments. The poets of today try in vain to awaken an answering echo from the popular heart; these old Hebrews are still expressing to a nicety the experience of all sorts and conditions of men. The tremendous truthfulness of the Psalms to life, and to the deepest needs of mankind, is the real reason for their deathless vogue.

The Hosts That Have Been Helped.

Contemplate for a moment the procession of thirsty hearts that have been refreshed at the fountain of Hebrew psalmody. The picture thrills. There are the captive exiles in chains leaving the Land of Canaan; some of the same, and their children, are returning, but the feelings of both are voiced by the Psalms. To battle, to dungeons, to death, through unimaginable vicissitudes extending over almost three thousand years, the children of Abraham have marched to the music of the Psalms. The hunted Christians of the apostolic age voiced their inextinguishable faith by the same old melodies. The Crusaders, the Puritans, and a countless company of kindred high souls, have been heartened by the inspired and inspiring Hebrew songs. Kings and statesmen and men of large affairs have turned for comfort and sustenance to these melodies from royal pens. The aspiring youth, the burdened man and woman, the grief-stricken, the doubting, the fearful and the dying, in innumerable hosts, have turned first to this never-failing spring of comfort.

David's share of the Psalms is greater work than slaying Goliath, or smiting the Philistines or ruling a kingdom. And of the other writers, some of them unknown, we can only rejoice that there have been men who have spoken from the depths and the heights, and that their heart-cries have lived. In the wine-press of intense experiences their souls have given forth the wine of comfort to an uncounted company. Similarly, Matheson's rejection because of his blindness by the woman he lived has been blessed to millions in his hymn, "O, Love that will not let me go." Samuel Rutherford's imprisonment at Aberdeen bore fruit in his "Letters," and from these Mrs. Anne Cousins extracted the phrases which she wove into the exquisite hymn, "The sands of time are sinking."

When Heart Speaks to Heart.

As we consider the Psalms (for this is the only lesson of the year from them), and this particular one in which the souls of the returned exiles found utterance, the query is forced upon us, "Where are the great soul-songs for today?" Trivial verse we have a-plenty; esoteric, neurasthenic, nebulous musings in rhyme, burden the mail of editors; but where are the songs that vocalize the deep sentiments of the people? The woman suffragists of New York offered a prize for a "hymn" and all they got was twaddle. In a huge labor demonstration in Philadelphia a few days ago, the prevailing song was the bloody French "Marseillaise," because there are no ringing English words to express the stirred emotions of men in a mass. The national anthems of both the United States and Canada are confessedly inadequate. We have not yet reached the great songs for our own time.

The best music is religion; there are many hymns, in addition to the Psalms, that voice the deepest feelings of the soul. Even here, however, there are strange hiatuses. Who can pick out a worthy hymn of invitation to the unconverted? Most of the so-called missionary hymns are filled with bad geography, bad history, and inexcusable provincialism. With a spirit of brotherhood sweeping over the world, there is as yet no worthy brotherhood hymn. Good citizenship has evoked no distinctive hymn; nor has the passion for social amelioration. What field for poets, if they would but forget themselves and catch a vision!

Still we turn to the Psalms for the clearest echo of the soul's mood. They speak from heart to heart. We are not sure who wrote them all. Some seventy-three are definitely ascribed to David; Moses wrote at least one, and Solomon some; Asaph and the Sons of Korah, are also in the index; but many of the 150 are anonymous; and we can only say that in each case it was the truest and best expression of a human heart, intensely sensible of Jehovah, that cried out in sincerity—and, lo, the cry still lives!

The Shepherd With His Flute.

One evening, under the eastern slope of Mt. Carmel, I saw a shepherd boy leading home his sheep; and as he walked in front of them he played upon a home-made flute. The melody was simple, sweet, joyous, unusual—a bit of nature's music in the open air. I have forgotten the performances of many great orchestras that I have heard, but I remember that strangely sweet music, apparently improvised, of the shepherd boy of Samaria, who called up visions of the shepherd Psalmist of three thousand years ago.

The passion for music is primitive with the oriental. He naturally breaks forth into it. When he is happy, he sings; when he is sad, he sings; when he dies, his friends sing dirges over his death. Equally fundamental to the oriental is the thought of God. He cannot conceive of life apart from the supreme Deity. "In'sh Allah"—"It is the will of God!"—still sprinkles the conversation of every Arab.

Thus we have the Psalm of deliverance. Westerners might have talked of good luck, or boasted of their own merits; but these exiles from Babylon thought first and only of God. Their instinctive cry, as one of their singers phrased it, was:

"When Jehovah brought back those
that returned to Zion,
we were like unto them that dream;
Then was our mouth filled with
laughter,
And our tongue with singing;
Then said they among the nations,
Jehovah had done great things for
them.
Jehovah hath done great things for us;
Whereof we are glad."

These Jews clearly traced, as cause and effect, the favor of Jehovah, with the forgiveness of sin, and their deliverance from exile.

"Jehovah, thou has been favorable unto
thy land;
Thou hast brought back the captivity
of Jacob,
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy
people;
Thou hast covered all their sin."

That is the essence of the lesson's teaching; it is the heart of hearts of the five books of Psalms; the favor of Jehovah is the one supreme blessing of life.

"Our midnight is thy smile with-
drawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn."

Get this grip on the fact of God, and life becomes no more a mystery. "Our times are in His hand." There is no higher philosophy than the twenty-third Psalm.

Varieties

India mines over 11,000,000 tons coal a year.

Nevada has only seven-tenths of man to the square mile.

Aviator Atwood is said to contemplate going into vaudeville.

The average salary of the American preacher is $663 a year.

New Zealand condenses and powders great quantities of milk.

The Japanese process of dwarfing a pine tree lasts about 10 years.

The livers of 100 codfish are needed to produce a gallon of oil.

More than 40 varieties of mosquito make their homes in New Jersey.

In Europe they dust the paintings in art galleries by means of air syringes.

Havana is meditating an automobile service, as in many European cities

Out of every 93 persons in Germany one is a railroad employe.

Some doctors say a regular diet of beef makes people ill tempered as a cross.

England has more rivers for its size than any other country on the globe.

Nearly 30,000,000 acres of wheat were planted throughout India this year.

The system of electing London aldermen for life dates back to the year 1394.

The Japanese have learned to brew beer and are now introducing beer into China.

Good umbrellas in Korea can be bought for about 12 cents. They are covered with oiled paper.

The art of engraving on soft steel was invented by Jacob Perkins, of Philadelphia, in 1812.

A bridge was built on an Arctic railroad in a single night. Of course it was an Arctic night.

It is said there are fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

Germany's newest canal, connecting Berlin with the River Oder, will be completed next year.

In producing the tones or inflections of the human voice 44 muscles are brought into play.

Finland, with its thousand lakes, is now considered attractive enough to be on the general tourist's list.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a muscle of enormous size. It is often three feet in diameter.

There are few beggars in Switzerland, and two-fifths of the adult population have deposits in banks.

Paris began the construction of its system of boulevards, now so much admired, in the year 1536.

A rotary grater, to be clamped to a kitchen table is a finger saver that an Ohio woman has patented.

The government of Servia has just ordered 100 American typewriters for use in its public offices.

It is told of a clock in Brussels that it has never been wound by human hands. It is kept going by the wind.

Of all the paper used in the world during 1910 it is said that the United States consumed more than one-half.

Two Paris department stores use storage battery driven electric tricycles to deliver purchases to customers.

An attachment has been invented to make an alarm clock turn on and light a gas jet at a predetermined time.

According to Danish laws, automobiles are forbidden to pass trolley cars at a rate faster than one mile an hour.

Ingenius tackle has been devised to make a tree that is being felled pull its own stump from the ground with it.

American "wild west" moving picture scenes are most popular in Scotland. Many American made films are used.

One of the European companies manufacturing harvesters for years has employed an American technical manager.

An attachment for wall paper printing presses that will trim an irregular shaped border as it is printed has been invented.

A study of the statistics of suicide in 100 American cities discloses a gradual reduction in the last three years.

The inventor of a new kind of lining bricks claims they are impervious to moisture and so light they will float in water.

Last year there were 10,300 persons in the United Kingdom with incomes of over $25,000 a year. The average of these was $63,105.

The cry is now for the individual drinking cups. In Queen Elizabeth's time every guest at a banquet brought his own spoon with him.

The maximum of British coal production was in 1907, when the total mined and brought to the surface was 267,812,000 long tons.

Lewis Bower, of Audubon, Ill., 8 years old, still goes on short hunting trips, through obliged to use a wheel chair in getting about.

Since the discovery in England of the lawn mowing proclivities of the guinea pig the price of these little animals has increased forty-fold.

A new doll that its inventor claims is indestructible is made of properly shaped blocks of wood, joined by spring steel swivels and hinges.

Virginia's coal production is steadily increasing, the state's ouput of 6,507,997 short tons last year being far ahead of any previous record.

Havana's mayor recently fined two doctors '5 days' pay each for having refused to give their services to paupers when requested.

To hold horseshoes or other articles on anvil, leaving both hands free, is the purpose of a foot-operated device that a New Yorker has patented.

The coroner's report shows 2,48 deaths from violence last year in New York city. They occurred chiefly in localities where the population is congested.

An electric flat iron with an automatic cut off so that the current is used only when the iron is in operation, has been patented by two Californians.

Telegraph poles have been dispensed with entirely in one Welsh town, in which the residents have permitted the wires to be strung from house to house.

Experiments in compressing flour show that its keeping qualities are prolonged almost indefinitely by the process. Its bulk is decreased by one-third.

A machine has been patented in England for redressing worn wooden paving blocks at a rate of 1,000 an hour, so that they may be used again.

Fifteen years ago Moscow started a city pawnshop. Since then it has loaned more than $27,000,000 on nearly 7,000,000 articles left in pawn.

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BOAT SINKS, FIFTEEN DROWN

Rochefort, France, Oct. 23.—The Greek steamer Georgies, grain-laden, was wrecked at the entrance of the Gironde Estuary during a storm last night. Of the crew of 22 only seven were saved. Several bodies have been washed ashore.

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Vitality is the thing which makes success: it gives men that compelling power which sends them forth eager and equipped to meet and overcome all obstacles; it is the thing which gives our young men courage to face danger; it is the thing which inspires and holds woman's love and faith. No matter what you age, I can give you this vitality. I can restore the vigor you lost, no matter what early or later indiscretion may have sapped your strength. I can make you "grow" and keep you "young." From an intimate and studious observation of possibly 100,000 weakened men I say to you that vitality or the lack of it means all the difference between a manly man and a half man. The man who bubbles with vital power will exert a pleasing influence upon all with whom he comes in contact; women are naturally attracted to him, as are men. Lack of vitality is a negative conditon, and it even repels. You wear my Health Belt and suspensory attachment at night; it sends a great, glowing, health-giving current of electro-vitality into the nerves, blood and organs; it takes all the "kink" out of your back and all the coward out of your makeup; it puts you right up in the "feeling fine" class and keeps you there. No stimulation, no false results; just a sure return to manhood and courage. Recommended also for rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, stomach and bladder disorders. It makes you feel young and keeps you feeling young forever.

Let Me Send You This Book Free

Fill in the coupon; let me send you at once my free booklet in plain sealed envelope; it is profusely illustrated with half-tone photos; keep it in your pocket for easy reference, read the chapter on Vitality; read the chapter on Inability; read the chapter on those subjects which interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in manly vigor. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting booklet which should be in every one's possession. Therefore, send today. If in or near the city, call at my office. Hours 9 to 6. All consultation free.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York:
Send me your free book sealed.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DIES OUT OF PRISON

Banker Was 74 Years Old and Had Been Paroled From Leavenworth.

Chicago, Oct. 23.—John R. Walsh, former banker, recently paroled from the federal prison at Leavenworth, died today.

Mr. Walsh was 74 years old. Death came just nine days after his release on parole from the federal penitentiary where he had been sent on charges of misappropriating the funds of the bank to the use of other enterprises.

Mr. Walsh's health failed soon after his entrance to the penitentiary. An immediate movement to obtain his release on parole was begun by members of his family, Mrs. Mary L. Walsh and his two sons, Richard W. Walsh and John W. Walsh. At that time, the examining physician at the penitentiary said Mr. Walsh was suffering with hardening of the arteries.

After his release, Mr. Walsh was thought to have been still further weakened by a long, cold automobile ride from the prison to Kansas City. When he arrived home on the morning of October 15, Mr. Walsh was so ill and weak that he went to bed at once, and remained there until his death.

Members of the family announced after the former banker reached home that he had given up all hopes of regaining his lost position among the leaders of finance, and said that he would spend his days at home. Mr. Walsh's son Richard, to whom he was paroled, became his nominal employer, in accordance with the government proviso that the "first friend" of a paroled man must guarantee employment.

The former banker was surrounded by all the members of his family when he died. He was stricken with a sinking spell about noon yesterday. Physicians remained with him all night, but he never regained consciousness.

SHE REFUSES CARNEGIE MEDAL

Nurse Declares It Can't Repay Loss of Brother.

New York, Oct. 20.—"A medal can never pay me for the loss of my brother," is the declaration of Miss Emma C. Paulding, a trained nurse, in announcing that she will refuse to accept the bronze Carnegie medal offered her in recognition of her share in a heroic rescue from drowning at Rhinebeck, N. Y., in which her own brother lost his life. Miss Paulding and her brother, Irving G. Paulding, both expert swimmers, went to the drowning girl's aid. Paulding soon found himself in distress. His sister got the girl to safety before she noticed her brother's plight and it was too late to save him.

"I'm going to refuse the medal, but I shall not give any reason for my action except to say that the offering of it has distresstd me greatly," said Miss Paulding.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3958 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

TWO DIE IN RACE RIOT

White Man and Negro Shot to Death in Oklahoma Town.

Muskogee, Okla., Oct. 23.—There is quiet in Coweta today following race riots of last night in which one white man and a negro were killed and two white men and a negro fatally wounded.

Company F of the state military which was sent from Muskogee to the trouble scene at midnight, is maintaining martial law.

Ed Suddeth, a negro, was shot to death by a mob of citizens who had armed themselves following a battle yesterday afternoon between blacks and whites in which Suddeth killed J. D. Beavers, city attorney, and wounded Carmen Oliver and Steller Thompson, white men.

Suddeth was wounded and was then strung up to a water tank, but was cut down before he died and locked in a vacant building. Last night Deputy Sheriff Flowers attempted to take the slayer to the Wagoner jail. As the negro was being lifted into an automobile the mob opened fire on him. Probably fifty bullets entered his body.

Large numbers of negroes arrived from the surrounding country and a race war seemed inevitable. The white men of the town were patrolling the streets and guarding their homes. They were afraid to take the women out of the houses to send them to Muskogee on the last train out.

The militia brought relief.

JUDGE GETS ODD LETTER

Seeks to Influence Him in Trial of Times Explosion Case.

Los Angeles, Oct. 21.—A mysterious letter which Judge Bordwell, sitting in the McNamara trial, refused to open or to read, caused a sensation late yesterday.

The letter was read by the clerk of the court. Aside from the fact that the letter sought to influence Judge Bordwell in the famous case, it is not known what the terms of the letter were. It was immediately destroyed.

"I haven't the hide of a rhinoceros," said the judge, "although I could be moved by attempts to make me afraid, I'll take no chances."

Some 30 veniremen rejoiced today at being at liberty out of doors instead of locked up under the care of bailiffs. Agreement of opposing counsel to proceed in examining talesmen without a full jury box enabled Judge Walter Bordwell to excuse all veniremen not already in the box until opening of the court Monday morning and only the six talesmen left at the conclusion of court yesterday were under restraint today.

There was no session of court today, but it proved a busy day for nearly everyone connected with the trial.

The defendant, James B. McNamara, was visited by his attorneys, who discussed the situation with him. They also saw John J. McNamara, brother of James and secretary of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, who is an attorney. To his brother "Joe" the defendant talks much about the proceedings and each day a transcript of the proceeding day's testimony goes to the jail for the older man to consider.

FEAR OUTBREAK NEAR PEKING

American Missionaries Are Warned by Chinese Students.

Peking, Oct. 21.—There was little today to reassure the government or relieve the general feeling of uneasiness.

The American missionaries in this province, Chi-Li, have been warned by students that there will be a revolutionary outbreak near Peking tomorrow. Considerable credence is attached to the warning, as similar advance information reached the missionaries at Wu-Chang prior to the rising there.

Incidentally trouble is brewing at Tien-Tsin, and a telegram from there contains the ominous statement that the Yemen of the viceroy at Tsi-Nan, the capital of Shaw-Tung province, has been burned.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38 St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao .....

SEEK EX-CONVICT FOR 14 MURDERS

Kansans on Trail of Man Suspected of Wielding the Bloody Ax.

Ellsworth, Kas., Oct. 19.—The mystery of 14 murders is about to be solved, the police of Ellsworth believe.

That Charles Marzyek, ex-convict, sought by the county authorities in connection with the slaughter of the five members of the William Showman family here Sunday night, had been in Colorado Springs, where the six members of the Wayne and Burnham families were slain, and was acquainted in Monmouth, Ill., where three persons were murdered recently, was the statement made to the authorities yesterday by Mrs. Minnie Vopat, Marzyek's divorced wife. All these 14 victims were killed with an ax.

Samuel Showman, brother of William Showman, head of the murdered family, yesterday started at the head of a posse to search the county. Marzyek is believed to be hidden in the neighborhood. If he is found a battle is expected.

Marzyek not long ago served a term for stealing grain from James Vopat. Tuesday night Vopat, who is the husband of Marzyek's former wife, saw the ex-convict in a field near his house. Vopat and his family, terror-stricken, locked their house and fled to the home of a fellow countryman five miles distant.

All the members of the Slav community, who had any connection with the conviction of Marzyek, went armed yesterday, for he is reported to have sworn vengeance on those responsible for his imprisonment.

Ira Lloyd, the attorney who defended Marzyek in the wheat stealing case, said yesterday.

"I believe Marzyek will remain in the neighborhood until he completes his vengeance. After his sentence he told me that when he was released he would come back and kill the people who were responsible for his conviction and also their children. 'I will put them all in hell,' he said."

Evidence furnished by Mr. and Mrs. William Showman is said to have been largely responsible for Marzyek's conviction. Nine persons remain here who fear his vengeance—all Slavs.

As to a possible connection between the Elsworth and other tragedies, Mrs. Vopat said her former husband was convicted of forgery in Colorado Springs a few months ago. She said it was not improbable that he had been in Monmouth lately.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Yes, elegant Free Homesteads adjoining valuable land, can still be had in Mexico. More than 500 acres are already in production from which bananas are being sold. From 10 to 25 per cent has been actually distributed to subscribers this year, up to Octooer 1st, from the first planting. You need not go to Mexico, but must have five acres of bananas planted within five years. Address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburgh, Pa., they will plant and care for your bananas on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. Bananas begin bearing in about 15 months, bringing the quickest returns of any fruit growing. The climate is delightful and health conditions good. Should any reader desire to procure a homestead, apply immediately.

MORGAN DODGES TAXES, TOO

Swears Off $250,000, Reducing Personal Assessment to $550,000.

New York, Oct. 20.—J. P. Morgan appeared in person at the department of taxes yesterday to swear off a portion of his personal taxes.

Under the new law requiring registration of certain classes of securities that are held not taxable as personal property Mr. Morgan registered enough to reduce his assessment of $800,000 to $550,000.

Last year Mr. Morgan's assessment was for $400,000.

EXPERT SAYS SOUL IS REAL

Boston, Mass., Oct. 18.—After years of research into what is generally supposed to be the land from which no man returns, Dr. J. H. Hyslop, the famous psychist of New York, said here last night that the dream of his life had come true and that he had demonstrated that the soul is real.

"I proved this by direct communication with the dead," said Dr. Hyslop. "It would require volumes to tell just how I did it. Yet the fact remains that I have proved beyond a doubt that the souls of men and women, little children, in fact, who have gone before are capable of coming to us as they please. In greater or less degree they are capable of making us know their presence."

Dr. Hyslop is trying to perfect his system of communication so that it can be utilized by others not so well versed as he. Then, he believes it will be possible for any mortal to communicate with those who have passed beyond.

MONEY PLENTY, SAYS CLEWS

Revival of Confidence Marked Feature of Conditions.

New York, Oct. 23.—A moderate degree of improvement has taken place in the financial markets, which should make further progress if nothing unfavorable intervenes, says Henry Clews. The most powerful influence upon values at present is the abnormal plethora and ease of money. This is usually a period of approaching stringency owing to crop demands and activity in trade. Quietness in the latter respect causes funds to accumulate, hence our ability to lend many millions abroad, when, under ordinary conditions, we should be considering gold imports instead of gold exports. Such an unusual condition in the money market when banking conditions are generally sound, cannot but have a strong supporting influence upon security values.

To the ordinary buyer stocks look cheap, when the returns on high-grade securities are compared with current rates for money; and with the partial revival of confidence that has already taken place there has been some improvement in the investment market, showing itself particularly in the greater activity of bonds. There are indications that the bond market is receiving stronger support from banking interests who wish to have the market in better condition for impending bond issues.

Another satisfactory feature in the situation is the continued expansion of our export trade. In September our agricultural exports amounted to $95,700,000, the largest September on record, and more than $14,000,000 in excess of this time last year.

FANCY OPENING CUPBOARD

Florence, Wis., Oct. 19.—A plague of skunks is upon the town. They have invaded household refrigerators and cupboards as well as hen coops.

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma.—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 152, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

TURKS ARE REPULSED

Both Ottoman and Arab Forces Show Reckless Bravery in Battle.

Tripoli, Oct. 23.—The fighting at Benghazi, between the Italians and the Turks has been of the fiercest character. After an engagement which lasted all day, Oct. 19, the Turks returned to the charge during the night. They made a savage onslaught upon the Italian camp, but were repulsed. In the morning the Italian forces occupied the city.

The Turkish losses were very heavy, and the Italian dead numbered not less than 100.

There are good grounds for believing that the Italian forces at Benghazi have been very severely handled by the Turks and their Arab auxiliaries. It is understood the Italian losses are much heavier than officially reported. Color is given to this belief by the hurried departure for Benghazi of four warships and the hospital ship Reina Margherita.

Steamer passengers who went to Benghazi but were unable to land, say the Turks and Arabs have displayed reckless bravery in making furious attacks on the small Italian forces entrenched there.

There are also reports of massacres of Christians at Derna and Benghazi, but no confirmation of these has been received.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

NISUS AND SCYLLA—XII.

Minos, the king of Crete, was at war with Nisus, the king of Megara. The city over which Nisus ruled had been besieged for six months by the army under Minos and still would not yield to the enemy. It seems that fate had decreed that as long as a certain purple lock of hair on the head of King Nisus remained there just that long would the city hold out. Nisus had a daughter named Scylla. She was accustomed to go into the tower on the walls of the city that overlooked the outlying plains, and there gaze at the camp of the hostil army. She soon learned to distinguish the different leaders of the enemy. Minos, in particular excited her admiration. She admired the carriage of his person as he directed the attacks of the soldiers, she could find no fault in the way he threw his javelin, and she thought that Apollo could not draw a bow more gracefully. But it was not until Minos had laid aside his helmet, and in his purple robes bestrode his white horse with its gay caparisons that Scylla could hardly contain herself, becoming almost frantic with admiration. The reins that he grasped, the weapons that he held she regarded with envy. She longed to cast herself from the tower and go to him in the midst of his camp, or to open the gates of the city, in fact, to do anything that might gratify Minos. So she sat alone in the tower with a longing heart, parleying with herself: "I know not whether to rejoice or grieve at this sad war. I grieve that Minos is our enemy, but I rejoice at any cause that brings him to my sight. Perhaps he will be willing to grant us peace, and receive me as a hostage. I would fly down, if I could, and alight in his camp, and tell him that we yield ourselves to his mercy. But then, to betray my father! No! Rather would I never see Minos again. And yet no doubt it is sometimes the best thing for a city to be conquered, when the conqueror is clement and generous. No Minos certainly has right on his side. I think we shall be conquered; and if that must be the end of it, why should not love unbar the gates to him, instead of leaving it to be done by war? Better spare delay and slaughter if we can. And, oh, if anyone should wound or kill Minos! No one surely would have the heart to do it; yet ignorantly, not knowing him, one might. I will, I will surrender myself to him, with my country as a dowry, and so put an end to the war. But how? The gates are guarded, and my father keeps the keys; he only stands in my way. I would encounter fire and sword to gain my object, but there is no need of fire and sword. I need only my father's purple lock. More precious than gold to me, that will give me all I wish."

As she communed with herself night fell and the palace was buried in sleep. Scylla then entered her father's room and cut off the fatal lock, passed from the city and entered the camp of the enemy. She was taken before Minos, to whom she revealed her identity, offering him the purple lock, and declaring that she so gave it to him out of her love for him. However, Minos was horrified at this revelation of her treachery and ingratitude. He shrunk back and refused to touch it. "The gods destroy thee, infamous woman!" he exclaimed, "disgrace of our time! May neither earth nor sea yield thee a resting place! Surely, my Crete, where Jove himself was cradled, shall not be polluted with such a monster!" So saying, he immediately gave orders that equitable terms should be allowed the city, and that the fleet should sail at once from the island.

Scylla was frantic as she cried out, "Ungrateful man! Is it thus you leave me?—me who have given you victory—who have sacrificed for you parent and country! I am guilty, I confess, and deserve to die, but not by your hand." As the ships left the shore she leaped into the water, and seizing the rudder of the one which carried Minos, she was borne along. A sea-eagle from on high beheld her and pouncing down, struck her with his beak and claws. This eagle was her father in disguise. Full of terror Scylla left go of the ship, and would have fallen in the water if some pitying deity had not changed her into a bird. The sea-agle still cherishes the old animosity; and whenever he espies her in his lofty flight you may see him dart down upon her, with beak and claws, to take vengeance for the old crime.

SHIFT

If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change.

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing.

A young woman from Phila. says

"For several years I kept in a rundown, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was enough.

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, and yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks. I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

True and Interesting and All in the News

SUFFRAGISTS HAVE A YELL, BUT IT'S A BIT ANAEMIC.

New York, Oct. 19.—"Votes! Votes! Votes!—Votes! Votes! Votes!—Votes! Votes! Votes! W—S—P!"

This is the new official "yell" of the Woman Suffrage party—as officially adopted by the annual convention of the party in this city. Mrs. Helen Griffith, one of the party's distinct leaders, proposed the yell.

"We women need some method of expression," she declared. "They know how to do it at men's conventions, but we only give a dainty little clapping. I move that we adopt this official yell."

They passed the motion on the spot and tried the call, but without practice it sounded a little anaemic.

KNOCKS ALONE AT PRISON GATE AND BEGINS SENTENCE.

Hammond, Ind., Oct. 19.—A young man knocked at the gate of the Jeffersonville, Ind., state prison today, presented his commitment papers to the warden and announced himself ready to begin a prison sentence of from two to fourteen years. He is John Caldwell, 25 years old.

Caldwell was convicted of padding the payrolls of the Indiana Steel Co., at Gary, Ind., and was sentenced here. He asked permission to deliver himself at the prison, and said he would pay his own way. Officials of the steel company said they would vouch for him, and the court so directed.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 19.—The hobble skirt is proving an important factor in an industrial boom in this city. To the increasing popularity of the hobble is attributed the largely increased use of fancy shoe buttons and the vastly increased business of the button factories here.

This city is known as the world's shoe button center and all the factories engaged in this particular line have been forced to double their working staff and to employ day and night shifts in order to keep up with the demand.

J. P. MORGAN, WICKERSHAM AND CUMMINS TOGETHER.

New York, Oct. 19.—Attorney General Wickersham and J. P. Morgan have accepted the invitation of the New York Economic club to attend a dinner here on November 20, at which the subject for discussion will be "Government Regulation of the Trusts."

Among the speakers will be Senator Cummins, of Iowa, and Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university.

WIVES BOSS HUSBANDS, NOT OBEY, SAYS MARRIER.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 19.—Magistrate Thompson, in marrying a couple, substituted "cherish and protect" for "love, honor and obey," saying he desired to keep the woman from committing perjury. "Wives boss instead of obey their husbands nowadays," he explained.

700 SOFT SHELL CRABS TIE UP TROLLEY CARS.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19.—Seven hundred soft shell crabs slipped out of barrels in a freight house in Exchange place, causing a blockade that for 15 minutes kept trolley cars, wagons and 3,000 persons standing still.

MAIL ORDER MARKET CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

HELP WANTED.

YOU ARE WANTED for government positions, $80.00 month to commence. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "layoffs". Common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming. Influence unnecessary. Send postal immediately for free list and description of positions open. Kranklin Institute, Dept. O 32, Rochester, N. Y.

Local representative wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 508 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

500 men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS.

AGENTS—We have a gold mine; send for catalogue; just out; make $10 a day; every housekeeper buys; exclusive territory. A. Hutson & Co., Dept. 4, Salem, W. Va.

NORTH CAROLINA FARM LANDS.

FARM for profit in Eastern North Carolina. The "Nation's Garden Spot." Leads other localities for vegetables, fruits and staple farming on small capital. Homeseekers and investors write Carolina Trucking Development Co., 817 Southern Bldg., Wilmington, N. C.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

FARM LANDS—30,000 acres of rich alfalfa and corn land in central Arkansas adjoining two railroads, for sale or trade. Write C. A. Shaeffer Land Company, Owners, 601 Grand Avenue Temple, Kansas City, Mo. Agents wanted; liberal commisson.

JEWELRY.

BIG watch and diamond book free on request. We are the world's largest dealers in Elgin watches, and the exclusive factory agents for the "Lady Elgin" sewing machine. Harris-Goar Co., Dept. 297, Kansas City, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Be a "Gun Man!" Wear our frontier watch fob. Miniature revolver in leather holster. 25c postpaid. Liberal offer to agents. Frontier Fob Co., box 22 T, Marshall, Texas.

TRAPPERS—Recipe to make sent for mink bait, $1; best ever. Carl S. Bigelow, Lyons, Mich.

FREE—Great bunch of information for ladies or gentlemen, married or single. Postal address to P. H. Starr, 1005 Adams st., Toledo, O.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

Marriage paper mailed free, reliable, best published. Eastern Agency, 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE—25 beautiful postcards, for selling 60c worth quick-selling goods; I trust you. Nathan G. Murphy, Dept. 18, Mamie, W. Va.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old. Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. "The Correspondent," Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY—Many wealthy members will marry. All ages. Descriptions free. Reliable Club, Dept. 56, Box 25, Oakland, Cal.

LISTEN—Don't read this if you don't care where your money goes. We can show you how to save half or more on anything you need, whether it be a paper of needles or a $500 diamond, groceries, men's, ladies' and boys' clothing, furniture, jewelry or any merchandise. Best granulated sugar at 4c a pound; Uneeda Biscuits, 5c; 5 bars Lenox soap, 14c; best $12 suits of clothes, $4.75; best $20 suit, $8.75; best guaranteed $25 sewing machine, $10.65; floor oilcloth, 18c a yard; ladies' guaranteed 14-k solid gold watch, $9.50; or anything you can think of at the same low prices; booklets free, city, country or anywhere, write or call; lady agents wanted everywhere. The Harrison System, 202 Pittsburg Life Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

FARMERS—50c buys Secret of the Universe. Adds dollars to your crops. Weather Station 49, 57 Umatilla st., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Ord. Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

DEARER FOOD, NOT CHEAPER

FARMER ALONE HAS BEEN OPPRESSED WITH POVERTY, SINCE FOR HIM IT HAS MEANT LOW PRICES FOR HIS PRODUCTS.

So far as our thinking has presupposed an indefinite continuance of cheap food stuffs, we have all been living in a fool's paradise. The Columbian age, the age of plenty produced by opening up and exploiting the colossal riches of a new continent, is drawing to a close," says Prof. Edward Van Dyke Robinson, of the University of Minnesota. "Of this fact, the rising value of farm lands in Minnesota, which reflects chiefly the higher prices obtained for farm products, is evidence.

"We shall never again see cheap food stuffs in the sense that we have had them in the past. The population of the world has of late increased much faster than the area brought under the plow; much faster than the intensity of cultivation on lands already cultivated; and much faster than the total crop of food stuffs. Moreover, no second Mississippi valley remains to be exploited. Most of Australia is arid and much of Canada and Siberia is frigid; and the lands that remain to be put under cultivation in Asia, in Canada, and in Argentina have not the economical potentialities of those that have been brought under tillage in the last 50 years. During this age of plenty, the farmer alone has been oppressed with poverty, since for him it has meant low prices for his products. These conditions have given rise to our current American conception of the farmer as a hardworking and underpaid member of society, at the mercy of all other classes. For the future, the farmer who owns a rich farm and knows how to manage it must be reckoned a capitalist, who is moreover certain to receive year by year an increasing share of the social dividend. However it may be in the cities, the high cost of living so far as it is due to higher prices for food stuffs, means prosperity on the farm."

EGGS COST 20 CENTS EACH

Soar in Price When Floods Drown Hens in Mexico.

Tucson, A. T., Oct. 23.—Eggs are selling at 20 cents each in Guaymas, Mexico, and other foods are correspondingly high, according to delayed mail advices which reached Tucson today.

The high price of eggs is caused by the drowning of many hens in the recent floods and because of damage to transportation facilities.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day

Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Write Plainly

Express Office .....

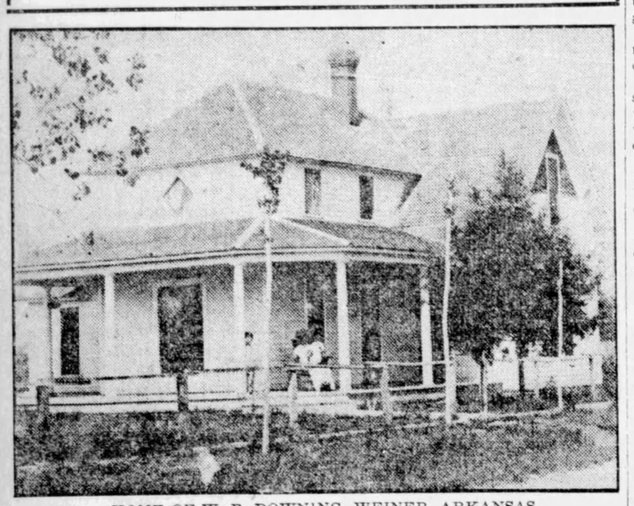
You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act. Serial No. 28783

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

ARKANSAS NEWS



HOME OF W. P. DOWNING, WEINER, ARKANSAS.

When I wrote to you last spring, I told you something about the rice around Weiner, Arkansas. Now they are cutting and threshing it and the farmers are going crazy over the rice. Well they may. It is yielding 100 bushels to the acre.

The weather is delightful. Flowers and roses are in bloom. I walked out to a strip of timber near Weiner, yesterday, after persimmons. The birds were singing so sweetly and the grass was so green, I thought this must be like Galilee. All nature seems to be awake. The enclosed photograph is a picture of an Arkansas home. It is the home of my son-in-law.—Mrs. V. C. Head, Arkansas.

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

For the Nineteenth chapter of The Blade Book, we have a story by OLIVE BRANCH, entitled, THE OLD BEECH'S REQUIEM.

This is the first love story to be entered in these pages. No life is complete without love, therefore, this book of ours, which is a record of real life, would not be complete without its touch of sentiment. Everyone likes a bit of sentiment now and then, though he may not be willing to "let on," and scoffs at the idea, but in spite of the scoffers, there are some things about which Elizabeth cannot be deceived, and she knows that everyone, who is human, has a bit of sentiment tucked away somewhere in his system.

This story by Olive Branch has been laid by for a year, waiting till October should come again, to make it timely. October is here and is speeding away, so here is the story:

It was a bright afternoon in October. The air was soft and warm as in summer. The sunlight lay like a cloth of gold on the brown pastures and harvest fields, and the asters and golden rod bloomed in splendor.

The bluebirds were singing their melancholy song, that tells that summer is over and autumn is here, but the bluebirds' song, stirred no melancholy chord in the hearts of the man and woman, speeding away from the noise and tumult of the city, out on the macadam road, through the open country.

The man leaned forward and called to his chauffeur, "a little slower, Martin, we are nearing the vicinity of our old neighborhood, now."

The houses were farther apart, and, as they passed them, they read the names on the rural mail boxes, with much interest and many comments.

"A great many changes have been made, Tom, since we went to the city," said the woman, "this road, the telephone lines, the rural delivery and so many improvements on some of the old places."

"Yes, a great many improvements," returned the man, "but it seems good to see some things which have not changed—the eternal hills, yonder where the crimson sumach burns and where we've climbed many and many a time together. Don't you remember, Allie?"

"Yes, dear, they are beautiful. I never saw them look lovelier. What a splendid background those sturdy old pines give them. It is like a beautiful picture."

"It is a picture by the Master artist. No gallery can show skill to equal it," said the man, earnestly.

"The long row of maple saplings have grown to be quite large trees now. Do you remember how we used to try to keep in their shade, coming from school, Allie?"

"Yes, dearest," replied the woman very softly, "I'll never forget those days."

Suddenly, she laid her hand on her husband's arm and exclaimed with a little tremor in her voice, "Oh, Tom, look, the old beech is gone!"

"What, our old beech?" said the man, quickly turning his head toward the opposite side of the road, then to his chauffeur: "Martin, we will stop here. Wait for us at the Hamilton house."

The man drew the woman's arm within his. They turned and walked a short distance down the road, where they stopped beside the fallen and charred trunk of a massive, old beech tree, lying by the roadside. A few moments they stood, silently looking at the ruin, then the man said, "It has been ruthlessly sawed down. I thought, as we passed by, it might have been the wind that laid it low, but it is so knotty and tough it cannot be cut into stove wood, so they are cremating it whole."

"Our dear old friend," sighed the woman. "It seems too bad to have it destroyed like this. Do you remember, Tom, how we used to rest here in the shade, coming home from school, and how you helped me to learn my geography lesson for the next day?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I remember very distinctly, and the lesson I learned in those days, please God, I'll never forget."

"What was it, Tom? I don't remember that you studied much, except your German, sometimes."

He laughed joyously before he answered: "I learned to love you more than anyone else on earth, though I was only a boy of 15 and you a child of 10."

"Just think, Tom, it has been 20 years since then. It scarcely seems half that time. You don't seem any older than you did then."

"Flatterer!" said he, "would you try to have me believe that the Rev. Thomas Webster appears like a boy in knickerbockers?"

"Of course, you have improved slightly," Allie returned, with a tender, little laugh. "When you were away at college and I heard such bad reports about you I thought my heart would break. Then you went abroad, and I heard no more, but I longed for your return through all the years."

"And you never told me until 10 years after."

"Yes, oh yes, dearest. I've told you many times before, only in different words. Do you remember the day you came back? You called at the school where I was teaching. You walked home with me. We were caught in the rain, and here, sheltered by old beechie, you asked me to be your wife?"

"Heart of mine!" answered the man, drawing her closer to him, "do you think I could forget that day? You tell me it was 10 years ago. Nonsense, Allie, you are dreaming. It was only last summer. I must awaken you. I am not the Rev. Thomas Webster at all. I am Tom Webster, scapegoat, home from college, and you are Allie Blair, my best chum. Come on, sweetheart, let us gather some of these purple asters."

They filled their hands with flowers, and then, with more than a lover's freedom, he untied her veil and nestled a cluster of the purple blossoms in the shining, black hair, and kissed the hand she raised to replace a hairpin.

"Tom, dearest," whispered Allie, "I am very, very glad you came back and found me. What a joy it is now, to think we shall always be together.

"I am glad, too, sweetheart, glad that we have each other," Tom returned.

Both were silent for some minutes, then Allie said, "I have just been thinking how merrily the old beech's leaves used to sing to us, but never again shall we hear their sweet music."

"No, the old beech's songs are stilled, 'the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken,' and dust returns to dust," Tom said, reverently.

"Let us sing a requiem for him in remembrance of the happy hours we've passed together. What shall it be, 'Friend after friend departs?'"

"That is too solemn for our dear, old Beechie. Auld Lang Syne would be more appropriate," replied Allie.

In a clear, sweet tenor, Tom began singing: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," while Allie sang alto. The evening echoes took up their song, wafting it to the distant hills, where the wind murmured plaintively through the pine trees, and the few green leaves, still clinging to the little beeches, rustled, as if whispering to each other: "It is our great-great-grandfather's requiem we are hearing."

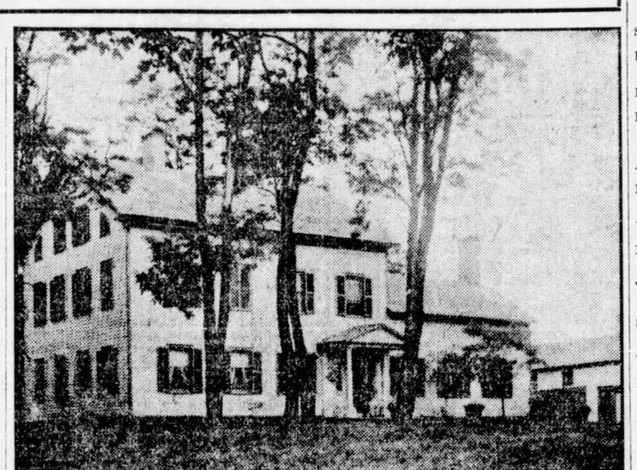
The golden rays of the setting sun were shining brightly on the charred trunk of the old beech, when they had finished their song.

"Heart of mine, see how long we have tarried here," said Tom. "We must turn our steps toward the Hamilton house." He drew Allie's arm within his.

"Farewell, old beechie, farewell," said Allie, tenderly.

"Good-bye, old friend, good-bye," said Tom, as they turned away.

THE STORY OF A LILAC HEDGE



OLD MANOR HOUSE, PIERREPONT MANOR, NEW YORK.

Dear Readers of The Blade—I promised to send a sketch of the lilac hedge, so here it is. I will begin, as all good stories do, with: Once on a time there lived in the quiet little village of Pierrepont Manor, a rich man named William Constable Pierrepont. From him the town got its name. He owned a large tract of land lying between Watertown and Rome, and he had his land office near his beautiful home. Just across the road from the Manor house is the graveyard, Zion church, chapel and parsonage, all built by Mr. Pierrepont. He was a lover of flowers and his garden was not only his pride, but it was mentioned as a lovely spot by villagers when they passed it with out-of-town friends.

There lived in this same town a certain little girl, who admired the garden and house from a distance and looked upon the great man with a feeling of fear. Whenever he came by her home on his way to the depot, with his two dogs, she shrank away from the gate and fled to the house. She attended the Sunday school at Zion church and enjoyed the blessings bestowed by this good man's benevolence.

One day the gardener at the manor began to set out a hedge, not in front of the place to shut out its beauties, but along one side and back. As the hedge grew to be of mammoth size, so the child grew to a maiden, and one day she went out of the church a bride.

The girl now is an old woman. Her children attend Zion church and her grandchildren go to the Sunday school. Many changes have been wrought in the old manor house. It has passed into other hands, but the lilac hedges stands as nobly as of old, sending out volumes of sweet fragrance in the spring to passersby and gladdening the hearts of children, who gather great bundles of the blossoms every year. While the man who planned this hedge, and the hands of the gardener who planted it, are stilled, their work still lives and is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.—Pierre Girl of Pierrepont Manor, New York.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Again this week we have of the hobby question, a little bit more.

A HOBBY HORSE

A hobby horse! It is a fine steed if it is not ridden too hard, thereby making life miserable to others, by forever parading it before them. I am not sure that I have any particular one, yet there are some things that are far more interesting to me, than others. For instance, I much prefer to study and improve my mind, than to stand over a hot stove several hours each week, ironing every wrinkle out of some of the less important pieces of laundry, so I calculate that reading is more of my hobby than fine ironing. I might mention several other preferences, but I will refrain.

These, however, are of minor importance in comparison to whether our hobbies are of such nature as to help others, or not. I believe we should make it our greatest aim, or "hobby," to forget self. Happiness comes to us by giving happiness to others. One of our members recently wrote of going along with "feet on the earth and head in the clouds." It seems as if that would be mighty lonesome traveling for me, besides it would be apt to make it impossible to hear any signal of distress from one of our fellowmen—perhaps our nearest neighbor even.

One favorite notion, or perhaps a "hobby," of mine is to have quite a collection of mottoes hanging on the wails. We recently had the good fortune to have presented to us the picture of a noted man, and underneath his picture I have hung this motto, taken from one of his lectures:

"I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime that; finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

Mistigay, I just recently found out that you are a neighbor of mine. Come and see me. A few miles isn't far to drive. Cherokee Girl, we were teaching in the Chilocco Indian school two years ago.—Bonnie Burns, Michigan.

JUST FOR FUN

I am writing a line just for fun. I have just been reading Old Hayseed's letter from this state. I wonder who he is. In regard to music, I can say, "Them thar is my sentiments, tew."

About hobbies, I do not really know that I have one unless it is music and books. I love music and reading. We have bought a farm here and moved from Pennsylvania in September. One of our neighbors gave me a tiny chicken to raise. I have named it Tim Hooligan. It is doing well, but it really should have some stockings. I have three children—one five, one three and a half and one one and a half years old. So, with my Tim Hooligan for a baby, too, I manage to keep busy. I hope this is not too long for the first time—Mrs. N. C. C., York State.

THIS FROM "SI"

It is with pleasure that I read the pages of The Blade, and I now beg leave to join the ranks of the M. G. R. Many letters of interest come to me through the Peace Page. I used to live in town, but I purchased a house a mile and a quarter in the country, so I might have more pleasure out of my hobby.

Our friend, Old Hayseed, reminds me of a friend of mine, Old Easton. He would say: "Why, I can play the fiddle all night and never play the same tune over." Now, Old Hayseed, if you can play that way and can play the time to suit Bill Detrich's calling off, as it is described in James Ball Naylor's Country Dance, I invite you to my house and we will take up the carpets. We burn gas, but on this occasion we will build a log fire in the old fireplace. We cannot have an old-time husking bee, as I have no red corn, but there are pumpkin pies and apples and cider in the cellar. As you say, I am also interested in church and Sunday school work, but the pumpkin pies need not "spile" on that account.

Returning to my own hobby, I actually ride mine. It is a horse. I have two. To describe one of these I refer you to The Hero, the painting by Carl Kehler. My horse is not unlike the one in the picture. The other hobby I am trying broke the other day and I rode over an approach to a bridge, landing six feet below, with my gig hanging on the board fence above. Neighbors helped me extricate myself and hobby. It is a good thing to be on good terms with your neighbors sometimes.

I never trade hobbies or deal in fast ones. I did trade my father's hobby off once—only once. Here's hoping all the M. G. R.'s will live long and broad.—Si, Ohio.

A CHALLENGE

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been reading The Blade this morning and think it a real fine paper. I can hardly wait for a chance to read the letters. I think they all are splendid. As I do not want to make my call too long for the first time, I will tell you something about myself. I live on a farm. Of all the outdoor sports I like horseback riding the best. It is such fine exercise. I help do all kinds of work outdoors and in the house. I like my work except dishwashing. If there is any girl 17 years old who likes the job I want to read a letter in The Blade from her.—Blue Belle, Missouri.

POETS' CORNER

WAITING

By John Burroughs.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that string in yonder heights,
So flows the good with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Whate'er the storms of life may be;
Faith guides me up to Heaven's gate,
And love will bring my own to me.

JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON

By Nixon Waterman.

I think of all sweet things at school,
A boy has got to learn;
That studying history as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
And though I study day and night,
There is only one I have just right,
That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Deleware,
In fourteen ninety-two,
And whipped the British fair and square,
In fourteen ninety-two,
At Concord and at Lexington,
He kept the Redcoats on the run,
While the band played "Johnny get your gun,"
In fourteen ninety-two.

Patrick Henry with his dying breath,
In fourteen ninety-two,
Said, "Give me liberty or give me death,"
In fourteen ninety-two,
And Barbara Fritchie, so 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must, this old, gray head,
But I would rather 'twould be your's instead,"
In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth rock,
In fourteen ninety two,
And the Indians standing on the Rock
Asked, "What are you going to do?"
"We seek your pleasant harbor here,
That our children's children dear,
May boast that our forefathers landed here,
In fourteen ninety-two,

Miss Pocahontas saved the life—
In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith and became his wife,
In fourteen ninety-two,
And the Smith tribe started then and there,
And now there are John Smiths' everywhere,
But they didn't have any Smiths' to spare,
In fourteen ninety-two,

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In fourteen ninety-two,
And I think the cow jumped over the moon,
In fourteen ninety-two,
Benjamin Franklin flew his kite so high,
In fourteen ninety-two,
He drew the lightning from the sky,
And Washington could not tell a lie,
In fourteen ninety-two,

These hymns are wanted: I love the Holy Son of God; and The Sunbright Clime.

One of our friends would like the verses about Asa Trot.

"Hurrying on, in the midst of excitement," is a line from a requested poem.

The Deacon's Prayer is called for. It begins: "I told him, like all the rest."

SWEETHEART AND BEAU

By A. J. Heaberlin.

Oft in musing I dream of the years long ago,
When life was all sunshine to me,
Then my sweetheart and I would ramble to and fro
'Mid the wildwoods of old Tennessee,
O, 'twas rapture divine to roam where the bright waters flow,
Where the laurel and pine, in enchanting design,
Were arbors for Sweetheart and Beau.

A light, listless touch of her dainty dimpled hand
Made wild flowers flush in their glee,
And a gleam of delight on her face sweetly bland,
Won my heart in old Tennessee.
Then she vowed to be mine and share life's fortunes, weal or woe,
Where the laurel and pine, in enchanting design,
Were arbors for Sweetheart and Beau.

Her ringlets, nutty brown, are now silvered with gray,
The trace of long years I can see,
Her love, resistless then, is just the same today,
As it was in old Tennessee
When she vowed to be mine in her youthful beauty years ago,
Where the laurel and pine, in enchanting design,
Were arbors for Sweetheart and Beau.

"THE SIN OF OMISSION"

From "On the Road Home," by Margaret E. Sangster.

It isn't the things you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel,
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone,
Which you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

Those litle acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find.
They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
While hope is faint and flagging,
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow companion,
That tarries until—too late.
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

By Charles Mackay.

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they write in love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrong,
All vice and crime would die together,
And fruit and corn, to each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue e'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.

DEPARTING MISSIONARIES

By James Edmeston.

Roll on thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

O thou eternal ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

This is the first line of a lullaby asked for. "Baby is going to bye-low land."

We have a request for a will rhyme, in which is this line: "An old green colash with which to cut a dash."

How Christmas Came to the Poor house is a poem wanted by one of our friends.

The words of this song are wanted: "At the sound of the old village bells"

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health happiness and
Good cheer.

THE TWO D. W.'S

Dear Friends—I have fed and watered the chickens, strung the beans for dinner, and have breakfast almost ready, still I hear no sound from the sleeping rooms up stairs. Though I could find plenty of work to do, I shall drop in a few minutes to chat with the Peace Page friends.

I like to read all I can on the care and training of children. I have joined a mothers' club, which furnishes me with a children's library and mother's book. I receive also, a bulletin and letters each month on this subject. I think it will be helpful. My little girl is six years, loves stories and in reading them to her, I emphasize the outcome of a fault, if it is allowed to grow and take root in the heart. This seems to make more of an impression than any correction I give her. In this way, we are not only giving good inspiration in character building, but we are cultivating a taste for good literature. I want to be as careful of the books I give my children to read, as of their playmates and friends.

Nellie R. N., I was glad to see you in the Corner. It brought back some of my more youthful days in the rocky wilds of West Virginia. I shall always love the Little Mountain state first because, my girl hood days were passed there, though I hope always to be young in heart, if I am not in years.

An old lady once said, when asked how she retained her youth, that it was her two D. W.'s—Drink Water and Don't Worry. I would add to this breathe full and deep an abundance of outdoor air.

Piggie, I enjoyed your part of The Blade Book. It is sunshine in our hearts and an appreciation of the near-at-hand-life, which makes life beautiful and not the fine home or costly apparel that money can buy.

Well, I must leave you. My birdies are awake and wanting breakfast. —Kind thoughts to all.—Becky Jane, Ohio.

FROM NEBRASKA

Dear Editor and Cozy Corner Friends—I do not remember having seen a letter in the Cozy Corner from Nebraska for a long, long time, so I thought I would try to write just a few lines, to let you know that we are still alive and reading the good old Blade every week with much pleasure and interest.

We live in a beautiful little city, located on the banks of the Big Blue river, in southeastern Nebraska. This is about as fine a farming country as can be found in the United States. Almost everything grows and does well here excepting tropical fruits and grains. I am a great lover of flowers, trees, birds and scenery and I always try to have a small garden of flowers and vegetables every year, if I possibly can. I have a real nice one this year.

Can any of the Cozy Corner friends give a short description of the Isle of Pines?

Well, here is hoping that we may all be thankful for what we have, and for what we can do to make others happy, that we may go on our way rejoicing, with renewed strength and happiness. With best wishes to all, I remain, Mrs. L. A. W., Nebraska.

WITH US FOR 60 YEARS

Will you let me say a few words? I am a Green Mountain boy of over 80. I have taken The Blade for nearly 60 years. I enjoyed Nasby's letters when he had so much trouble with Baskum at the Cross Roads. I will tell how I use The Blade's good recipes. I cut them out for a scrapbook. I select poetry for another scrapbook, good pieces for another. I have three scrapbooks, money cannot buy. Any reader can have some choice reading by making scrapbooks in his leisure hours.—H. Hart, New York.

HOW IS IT WITH YOU?

How many of the Cozy Corner sisters have realized, with a gasp, that their children are getting very large? At a children's day service not long ago I saw a little girl come out on the platform to recite, and I recognized the daughter of a girlhood friend. Then I thought of my children, two of whom took part in our own services, and, as an echo of my thoughts, another friend by me, the mother of four little ones, said: "Just only think, how old our children are getting to be!" and we all felt just like little girls at heart, but I believe, when a person is living a Christian the heart is always young, and "faith," Elizabeth, we all have and in you, too.—Nellie R. N., Jackson county, West Virginia.

A BIG ROCK

Dear Readers of the Cozy Corner—I would like to join this happy corner of yours. I am a wood-chopper's wife. My husband has been cutting wood for five years, but this winter he is going to burn lime with wood. He must fire three days and three nights before it is cooked. When he is not working at the lime kiln now, he is cutting wood on Parnell's Knob. There is a family living up there from Germany, and on the knob is a big rock along the main road. The people are talking of making a building out of it, so you may know it is a big rock.

I have two little boys. I am going to push them up this knob in their baby buggy, take our dinner along and spend the day with Mrs. Hunter and her baby girl, 6 months old. My husband is cutting wood up there. He has cut a cord of wood on this peak.

Well, as my letter is getting long, I must say good-bye.—Mrs. N. P. St. Thomas, Pa.

RECIPES WANTED

Recipes for making peanut butter, escalloped oysters and oyster stews, and ways to cook spaghetti are asked for by some of our friends.

MARY CASSIDY SAYS

Aw, sure, what ye don't know ye can't be worryin' about. For why should ye go lookin' for truble, when ye're doin' well without? Some does. 'Tis not th' likes o' Mary Cassidy that do be doin' that same.

'Tis me that's thinkin' the styles for us women is somethin' fierce. 'Tis lavin' th' goods outen the skirts an' puttin' that same on th' hats they be doin', that reckless an' free. For why should I care? I do not. 'Tis not me that's the sty'ish woman, me bein' the mother of eight. Glory be to Ireland!

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS

For this week's chapter of Our Cook Book, we have recipes for soup and muffins, pies and cakes and things. All you have to do is to read them over and take your choice.

Salmon Soup.

Take a can of salmon, put the contents in a pan, with enough hot water to make the amount of soup you wish. Season with salt, pepper and butter to taste. Serve with crackers as you would oyster soup. It is quickly prepared and you will be surprised to find what a palatable and inexpensive dish it is.—Mrs. W. S. T., Sand Lake, Michigan.

Sweet Muffins.

One cup of sugar; one egg: one tablespoon melted butter; one pint of sweet milk; three cups of flour; two teaspoons baking powder. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, beaten egg and butter. Beat hard. Bake in greased gem pans.

Egg Biscuit.

Mix and sift well together, one pint of flour; one half teaspoon of salt; one teaspoon of baking powder; one teaspoon of sugar. Beat one egg. Add half cup of milk. Stir into dry mixture, adding more milk if necessary to mix a soft dough. Turn out on bread board; knead one minute. Cut out and bake in a very hot oven.—L. P. E., Michigan.

Chocolate Pie.

Six tablespoons of sugar; two of flour; three of grated chocolate; yolks of two eggs. Save white for the top of pie. One teaspoon of butter; one teacup of boiling water. Cook until thick and flavor with vanila.

First of all, line a pie pan with crust and bake it, while you are fixing the filling. Take a fork and make holes in bottom of crust, before putting it in the oven. This prevents it from raising from the pan. When brown, take out. Have filling boiled thick and pour in the crust. Beat the whites of the eggs. Spread on top and set in oven to get a light brown. This makes one pie.—Mrs. G., Illinois.

Blackberry Jam Cake.

One cup of sugar; three eggs; one half cup of butter; one half cup of sour milk; one and three quarters cups of flour; one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, ground.

Cream, sugar and butter together; add the well-beaten eggs, then the sour milk and soda; then the flour and spices. Last, put in one cup of blackberry jam. Bake rather slowly in two layers and put together with white frosting, or if two full cups of flour are put in, the cake may be baked in one deep, square tin and the top frosted.—Mrs. H. Jewell, Michigan.

You please tell the man of your house, that jam cake reads good to me, but I would feel safer to eat some of your making.—Elizabeth.

As previously and several times remarked, wholesome cooking, especially plain cooking, goes a long way toward making the home folks healthy and happy. None can be good natured or peaceful who has a pain in his stomach. Prevention is better than a cure, any day in the week. Good food, is one form of prevention. The simpler it is, the better.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning, or any hour of the day, are taken from the letters written to this page. They come from all over the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

I believe in doing to others as I would have them do to me, and I try to teach my children the same.—Ora M. Freeman, Pentwater, Mich.

MONDAY

Let us not forget our duty to our fellow-men, but ever strive to add our mite to the sum of human progress and happiness.—N. O. Claypool, Wattersonville, Pa.

TUESDAY

As it takes rainy as well as sunshiny days to make this old world go, I think we may as well make the best of it.—A Young Mother, Ohio.

WEDNESDAY

What a beautiful world we have to live in, if we do our part to make it beautiful.—Mother, Ohio.

THURSDAY

A word of explanation often limits a tempest to the proverbial teapot.—C M. Day, Corry, Pa.

FRIDAY

If we are right within, we shall have no enemies from without.—Becky Jane, Ohio.

SATURDAY

Very best wishes and may God bless you.—Mae B., Vermont.

NATURE LORE

By NATURE LOVERS

Our Nature Lore department, has been on a back seat for some time, but it is not a "has been," and these letters, though belated, will surely be of interest to you nature lovers.

A NATURE WALK

July Fourteen.

Dear Nature Lovers and Readers of The Blade—I guess I will speak up and "spress" myself with the rest. How I enjoy reading the Peace Page, M. G. R. letters and all, and I think the Nature Lore is fine. After I came in from a nature walk, as I call it, I looked over the Peace Page for the nature lore, and failed to see it, so I thought I would write for the first time. If there is no more nature lore, or room on the Peace Page, you can put it aside Elizabeth, and I shall think no harm has been done.

We live in a rolling country in southern Indiana, and, as I went walking the other evening, O, the many beautiful things of nature I saw. I could not tell half the glorious sights. It was just at sunset, when the sky was aglow, with the sun reflecting back, and keeping the world bright as long as it could, until the stars and moon could do their duty. As I went past a field of new-mown hay, how sweet the fragrance from it was. Then on, past one end of a field of thriving corn, I walked down the lane that led to a spring. Many were the trees along the way that I could see beauty in.

I want to learn as many different kinds of trees as I can, and I do know a good many. When I come across a tree that I do not know, I usually pull off a leaf and inquire, until I find out what it is. The many sweet birds that were chirping as I came back, just at dusk, made me think they were giving thanks for having been spared and protected through another day, just same as we offer our evening prayer.—Dola Couch, Memphis, Indiana.

WITH THE BIRDS

Hello—Who has been talking about birds? I do not consider myself a great naturalist, but I love the wild birds. Here, among the lofty West Virginia Hills "the poetry of earth is never dead."

Just opposite my home, on the bank of a small creek, a friendly pewee has made his home. The nest is a neat construction of mud and twigs, lined with hair and wool. It is built on a ledge of overhanging rock. The pewee almost always builds near a stream. About two weeks ago five little birds were ready to fly away. Away they went and now the nest has more eggs in it.

In an apple tree in the yard, a noisy catbird has taken up her abode. Sometimes he is called the mocking bird, because of his imitating the songs of other birds. At 4 o'clock, he begins his song, and it lasts through the greater part of the day.

Two little sparrows have made their nest in a tree near the house and have made themselves very familiar with me. A dozen times a day they come to the kitchen yard for crumbs. They are very tame and friendly.

I discovered a bird's nest in a very queer way in the past week. I needed some dry kindling, and, going out on the hill a short distance from the house, I found an old, dry stub, partly decayed. I broke it off near the ground and carried it home. It was no higher than my shoulder. Imagine my surprise when I dropped it, to see a young bird fall out at the end. Down in the top of the post was a nest, with half a dozen naked little birds, cuddled close together.

I carried the stub back, and, fixing it firmly in the ground, I left it. The birds were coming on nicely when I last visited them. I think they must be a species of the yellow hammer.

You who sleep late in the morning, I advise to arise with the first streak of dawn and "list to the song that nature sings." It will make you feel like thanking God for this beautiful world.—Pe-Wee, West Virginia.

The date of this letter is lost, but the story reads as if it were written in early summer.

TO PINE TREE

Pine Tree, I have tried your way of pressing and keeping flowers and I thing it is excellent. Have you ever studied botany? I have, and, as we had to have material for winter use, I have tried several ways. I wish that you might see my botany note book. It is a record of what the class did for a year. It contains an outline of leaves, fruit, seeds and seedlings, roots, stems, buds and branches, with drawings of the different kinds and all of the experiments we made. They are all arranged together with the drawings that belong to them. It also contains a description of a number of plants and flowers with drawings and a great many things that I have not space to tell you about. It took a lot of hard work to write it, as everything had to be written from memory, so I am rather proud of it. I should like your address. Can not Elizabeth publish it?

Goodbye for this time, I may turn up again, as a bad penny always does. —Madalene of Ohio.

Summer is gone—for this year, but nature we always have with us. You who take notice, are welcome to our city. We shall publish Nature Lore as often as may be.—Elizabeth.

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men cannot understand women's sufferings.** What we women know from **experience** we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

I prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will **cost you nothing** to give me treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost,** my book **"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **mothers of DAUGHTERS,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer what the **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours, **also the book.** This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, **as you may not see this offer again.** Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 8 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

This Woman Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

Write To Her

She Will Gladly and Freely Tell You How She Did It

For over twenty years the husband of Mrs. Margaret Anderson was a drunkard. Ten years ago she stopped his drinking entirely. She did it with a simple, inexpensive home remedy which anybody can use, and if you wish to stop a friend or relative from drinking she will gladly tell you just what it is. She has already given this information to hundreds in all parts of the world and we advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to WRITE TO HER AT ONCE. The remedy is perfectly safe and easy to use and the drinker's knowledge or consent is not necessary. Mrs. Anderson requests that you do not send her money. She only desires that you are personally interested in saving one who drinks. Write her then with trust and confidence. She will reply in a sealed envelope. Her address is MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 118 Pine Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE—Please write name and full address plainly

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With Common-Sense Ear Drums —"Wireless Phones for the Ears"

For twenty years the Common-Sense Ear Drums have been giving good hearing to hundreds of thousands of deaf people, and they will do the same for all who try them.

Every condition of deafness or defective hearing is being helped and cured, such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated or Partially Destroyed Drums, Drums Wholly Destroyed, Discharge from Ears—no matter what the cause or how long standing the case may be, there is hope of good hearing for all the afflicted deaf.

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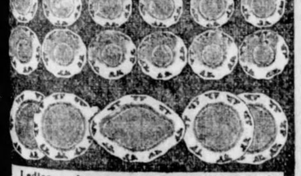

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(Stud or Pin) and big Jewelry Catalog absolutely **FREE.** Enclose 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. State if want stud, pin or ring. This $100 diamond. Puzzles experts. Chas. Cumings & Co. Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Fever Sores, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores and all sores of a painful and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic testimonials from grateful users. You'll write us one, too, after you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c. (2)

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Just in our Catalog, at the right prices, just the kind of Rubber Specialties they are looking for. Drugs and Necessities. Send two cent stamp for postage.

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Everybody wants a telescope. Nothing so interesting. Enjoy it day and night. Entertain your friends. Interesting, instructive, useful on every farm. Examine fences, houses, stock at a distance. See friends and neighbors miles away. Young folks and old wild about it. Telescopes this size have sold for $5 to $8. We have already given away thousands. Measures closed, 12 ins. opens out OVER 3 1-2 FEET LONG. Brass bound, brass safety caps on ends. Big, powerful; 5 to 10 miles sight range. It will cost you NOTHING—NOT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IS REQUIRED. Send for our free offer. UP-TO-DATE, Dept. 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

I can say every time it is worth $10.00 to me. I can see cattle at 15 miles and a nickel 600 yds. T. S. Sopeda, Morgan Hill, Cal.

HE SOLD THE GOAT.

South Haven, Mich., Oct. 19.—Butted into the water by a pet goat he went to save from drowning during a heavy storm which flooded the ravine where the goat was tethered, was the experience of William Jacobs, a retired butcher, Tuesday night.

The waters converted Morning Glory park, located in the ravine, into a miniature lake and the goat, tied securely, stood upon a hummock with only its head above the waters. The owner waded out to it and throwing a rope over its head pulled it ashore. Stooping over to pick up his lantern he was struck in the rear by a terrific butt from the goat, landing him in four or five feet of water.

He has sold the goat.

CAN'T EVEN STOP FOR WHILE

Landless Indians Jailed for Pitching Wigwams Without License.

Hagertown, Md., Oct. 19.—Twenty-eight Cherokees on their way from Oklahoma to tell the government their lands were taken from them unfairly were arrested here for pitching wigwams without paying $50 for a license.

PINCH US, DO WE DREAM?

Seattle, Wash, Oct. 19.—"Visions of strawberry shortcake flooded in scarlet juice and dripping with cream flashed in the mind when a consignment of second crop berries reached Western avenue." They went at $4 the crate.

Cement Piles in Quicksand.

A novel method of building up cement piles or supports in quicksands is the subject of a German patent. A pipe of suitable size has at its lower end an auger point and a helical screw blade, several holes being driven through the wall of the pipe just above the blade to permit the discharge of cement grout outward. By water pumped through the pipe, the apparatus is twisted into the sand, jets being used to aid the sinking if necessary. When the required depth has been reached, the grout is pumped into the pipe and the drill is turned backward to withdraw it. Flowing out along the face of the blade, the cement becomes mingled with the sand directly above, and the turning screw passes the mixture to the space below. A cylindrical pile is thus built up in the semi-liquid sand. Others may be produced in the same way alongside the first, and these may be readily consolidated into very strong and substantial piers.

LIVING WITH A POET

Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio having returned to Italy, the visitors at a certain little French resort are deprived of his distinguished company. But for two months they could boast of living in the same resort as the famous poet and playwright. Some of them had even the honor of sharing the same hotel—a hotel which appreciated the great master at his just value, and therefore neglected nothing that contributed to his glory. The servants had strict orders to make no noise before noon, and all work was therefore prohibited till midday. The other guests rose and dressed in silence, and then stole noiselessly away to the sea or the forest, where they were requested to remain until the hour of dejeuner. About 12 o'clock Signor d'Annunzio would appear at his window, and, as that was the sign that he had ceased to sleep, the normal routine was resumed.

LIVE STOCK ENJOY BATHTUBS

Cement Age.

Concrete bath tubs are the latest addition to the mule stables of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Co., and, according to Chief Veterinarian Nowhard, who originated them, they help to keep the work animals in good health and spirits. These concrete basins are set into the stable yard to a depth of four feet and filled with water, which is heated in winter by a jet of steam. The dimensions of 6 feet by 37 1-2 feet are ample for the mules to enjoy a good dip, and corrugations on the bottom of the tank keep them from slipping. The inclines at both ends are likewise ribbed for the safety of the animals. A six foot shower is suspended over the center of the tank and all coal dust and dirt are quickly removed.

This luxury and comfort is not, however, monopolized by the mine mule. Progressive farmers in many sections of the country have established concrete tanks for live stock, recognizing their great value as a means of preserving health. The pools are made in various dimensions so as to accommodate animals that differ materially in size; for example, horses and sheep. In case of certain diseases or vermin, curative properties may be added to the water.

PLUNDER BY SUGAR PLOT

Refiners Cause Artificial Famine by Keeping Out Plenty From Russia.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 20.—Admission is made by the authorities of the United States government that while the United States and various other so-called civilized countries of the world are at the mercy of an alleged sugar famine, Russia has an enormous surplus of sugar sufficient to break the corner and restore the average price, yet this sugar is not available for that purpose.

The situation appears to amount to an international sugar scandal, deliberately and designedly cooked up, out of which the sugar refiners and speculators are taking collossal fortunes at the expense of the consumers and the growers.

They call it the Brussels convention. By this Russia's export of sugar is limited to 200,000 tons a year. Whatever sugar beyond that figure she produces must be consumed at home, or must rot at home, if the Russian people cannot consume it.

Give in but Little.

For five years prior to 1908 Russia was not a party to the Brussels convention. In fact it appears that this convention was in part deliberately engineered with a view to crippling Russia's rapid expansion in sugar production. Thus Great Britain, a party to the convention, and a large consumer of sugar, entirely prohibited the importation of Russian sugar, thereby appeasing the other sugar producing countries in the deal.

This convention expired in 1908, and Great Britain, because of the complaints of her people, gave notice that she would not continue in the agreement under the old terms. Rather than give up their good thing in the control of the sugar market the other countries in the convention then consented to admit Russia, providing she would agree not to export more than 200,000 tons a year. Russia accepted this, doubtless on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Tariff Prevents Relief.

Some contend that this only restricts Russia's exports to the countries parties to the convention, while others hold it means that Russia can ship only that amount to all the world.

But even if the more liberal interpretation be accepted there is little chance for relief for the people of the United States from the squeeze, for the reason that the tariff on sugar would prevent it. Russian sugar, entering the United States, would have to pay the usual duty of practically two cents a pound, and an additional countervailing duty of seven-eighths of a cent a pound.

That is to say, under the Payne law, the American consumer would have to pay nearly three cents a pound more than the British consumer for Russian sugar. The countervailing duty is levied because of the bounty paid by the Russian government on the domestic production of sugar. Our tariff law provides that in addition to the regular duty there must be paid an extra duty equal to the bounty or other advantage given by the exporting country.

Beet Growers Not Helped.

This artificial world shortage of sugar means immense profits for the sugar factories of the United States, both beet and cane. The farmers growing sugar beets probably will not obtain any advantage, because the factories contracted in advance for their supply of beets, and the price, fixed thus in advance, did not provide for the farmer to share in any corner like that of the present, although it was a dead certainty that sooner or later, under the Brussels convention, such a corner must occur.

Nor will the domestic consumer secure any noticeable advantage from the domestic production of sugar. The retail price will remain somewhere between eight cents a pound and the sky, because the domestic price is always fixed by the world price plus the duty on refined sugar.

The domestic output is very far from meeting the domestic demand. In fact the increase in domestic production does not keep pace with the increase in domestic consumption.

More painful still is the fact that sugar made in Michigan or any other of the sugar producing states and sold there, or in neighboring states, costs more to the consumer than duty-paid Cuban sugar costs the consumer in New York city.

Add Transporation Cost.

The usual benevolent rule in fixing the price of sugar in the neighborhood of a factory is that it shall approximate the cost of refined cane sugar at the seaboard, plus the cost of transportation of cane sugar from the seaboard to the domestic sugar producing section in question.

Quite naturally the consumer in the United States is wishing there were some way to induce the tariff-assisted beet sugar factories to divide the advantage. But there is no way. If American consumers were Russians they would find quite a different situation.

There the government does not stop with paying a bounty for beet sugar. Having given it the advantage of government help, the Russians insist that the sugar business shall also be subject to strict regulation. Officials not only determine the amount of sugar which shall be sold for Russian consumption, but they fix a price above which it may not be retailed.

Is Democratic Measure.

The sugar shortage and the high prices in this country, of course, make the consumer wonder whether the United States would not be better off without the sugar tariff. McKinley, with protective tariff ideas, never consented to it. That came as a present to the Republican party from the Democratic Wilson bill, where it first appeared. What free sugar would do for the American consumer is revealed by the fact that the high prices in this country are largely attributed to an alleged shortage in the Cuban crop of 200,000 tons, whereas Russia now has on hand an old surplus of 600,000 tons, with another enormous full crop about to be harvested.

Large Papaw Tree.

Liberty News.

While V. M. Lester and Oscar Fair were hunting papaws recently they located one of the most wonderful trees of this species in this part of the state. The tree is on Ad Bryant's farm, near town, is 15 inches in diameter and is 75 feet high. Mr. Bryant says his father planted the tree 60 years ago, and it has produced 17½ gallons of the lucious fruit a week during the bearing season, and 35 men have been known to perch in its limbs.

AIRMAN ELY KILLED

Crashes Downward at Terrific Pace, Intending to Dip and Rise.

Macon, Ga., Oct. 20.—In spite of a premonition which prompted him to give the address of his wife to his mechanician, so she could be notified in the event of a mishap, Eugene Ely, who gained world wide fame by being the first aviator to fly from and to the decks of United States warships, ascended in his aeroplane to make a sensational dip at the state fair grounds yesterday afternoon and a few moments later plunged to his death.

Misjudging the distance Ely started his downward glide too soon, while running at a mile a minute, and was unable to make the rise. When the machine crashed to earth the aviator was hurled clear of it by nearly a hundred feet. He died 10 minutes later.

Before running his machine out, Ely asked his assistant mechanician, Edward Turner, for a notebook. The book was handed to him and in it he wrote the address of Mrs. Ely, which was 164 W. 74th street, New York. Handing the book back, he said:

"If anything happens to me today wire my wife. This is her address."

Leaving Turner, he ran out his machine and started on his flight. He arose to a height of 500 feet, circled the mile track and returned to the agricultural building, in front of which he made his start. Here Ely dropped to a lower lever, performed the ocean wave and started to volplane, or dip, gliding downward close to the earth, intending to rise quickly again.

Seated coolly in the front of his machine, he dashed downward at terrific speed. The crowd stood amazed at the wonderful performance. Many had seen him do the same feat before without a mishap. But this time he had misjudged the distance and before he could change his levers he had crashed into the earth and was hurled forward, clear of the machine.

Ely was reported to have been a Catholic and priests from the cathedral were called to administer the last sacraments. Before they arrived, however, Father Hamilton had forced his way through the crowd and performed the rites.

Ely did not regain consciousness after he fell, according to the mechanicians who were working directly over him.

Ely left his wife in New York two weeks ago to come to Macon to give a series of flights for the Georgia state fair in his Curtiss biplane. He had been giving spectacular flights here for eight days, going up on one occasion in a rainstorm. Yesterday he even offered to make a flight by night, painting his craft with phosphorus.

"So as to startle the natives," he told the fair directors. The offer was declined for the reason that he wanted $1,000.

Pimples Removed Quickly

The New Calcium Sulphide Treatment Does Wonders to Every Kind of Skin Eruption.

Trial Package Sent Free to Prove It.

You don't want to wait forever and a day to get rid of your pimples or other skin eruptions. You want to get rid of them right now. Next week you may want to go somewhere where you wouldn't like to have to take the pimples along.

"I Got Rid of My Pimples in a Few Days With Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

You can get rid of them just in time by taking Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

These wonderful little workers have cured bad boils in three days, and some cases of skin diseases in a week.

They contain as their main ingredient the most thorough, quick and effective blood cleanser known, calcium sulphide.

Remember this, too, that most pimple treatments reek with poison. And they are miserably slow besides.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have not a particle of poison in them. They are free from mercury, biting drugs or venomous opiates. This is absolutely guaranteed. They cannot do any harm, but they always do good—good that you can see in the mirror before your own eyes a few days after.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a splotchy face. Don't have strangers stare at you, or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will make you happy because your face will be a welcome sight not only to yourself when you look into the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks to you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world—so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it today, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c package at your druggists.

Send us your name and address on the coupon below and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 422 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Free Package Coupon

F. A. STUART CO.,
422 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Send me at once, by return mail, a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, absolutely free, to prove its remarkable results.

Name.....

Street.....

City ..... State .....

MOTHER AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby, and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by the use of poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says "Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, Calif., Jan. 15, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample with 32-page booklet on the best care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair, will be sent, postfree, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5N, Boston.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 24.—Liberal receipts in the northwest and easier cables caused a decline in wheat at the outset. Bears played for a further reaction, but a good support developing soon after the opening carried prices back to nearly the previous closing level. The European crop summary was favorable on the whole. More rains were reported in spring wheat belt on both sides of the line. The northwest is rushing wheat to market, in order to take advantage of the few remaining weeks of lake navigation. Toledo cash opened ½c off at $1.01⅛, December ⅝c lower at $1.03¼, May unchanged at $1.07¾ and July ¼c down at $1.01¼.

The market firmed up a little later and closing as follows: Wheat was about unchanged. Cash $1.02, Dec. $1.03⅝, May $1.07⅝, July $1.01¼.

Clear weather and high winds have weakened corn, but more wet rains are expected in the belt. Toledo December opened ¼c off at 66c, and May ⅛ lower at 67⅛c.

Cash corn closed at 75½c, Dec. at 66¼c, and May at 67⅜c.

Oats opened unchanged with December at 50⅜c, and May at 52⅜c.

Closing oats values: Cash, 49¼c, Dec. 50⅞c, May 52⅜c.

Clover seed opened strong. Receipts were 70 bags against 960 a year ago. Toledo cash and October started at 2¾c higher at $12.50 and March 5c higher at $12.52½. The market advanced 7½c in the first half hour.

Light offerings and speculative demand put clover to the highest point on the crop, the market closing at $12.70.

TOLEDO.

	High.	Low.	Oct. 24.	Oct. 23.
Wheat—Open.			Close.	
Cash 1.01⅛	.....	.....	1.02	1.02
Dec. 1.03⅛	.....	.....	1.03⅝	1.03⅝
May 1.07⅝	.....	1.07⅛	1.07⅝	1.07⅝
July 1.01¼	1.01½	.....	1.01¼	1.01½
Corn—				
Cash	.....	.....	75½	75
Dec. 66	.....	.....	66¾	66¾
May 67⅛	.....	.....	67⅜	67¼
Oats—				
Cash	.....	.....	49¼	49¼
Dec. 50⅜	.....	50⅜	50⅜	50⅜
May 52⅜	.....	52⅜	52⅜	52⅜
Clover Seed—				
Cash ..12.50	.....	.....	12.70	12.47½
Oct. 12.50	.....	.....	12.70	12.47½
Dec. 12.52½	.....	.....	12.70	12.47½
March ..12.52½	.....	.....	12.70	12.47½
No. 2	.....	12.35@12.40	.....	.....
No. 3	.....	12.10@12.30	.....	.....
Rejected	....	11.75@11.90	.....	.....
N. E. G.	....	8.00@11.35	.....	.....
Oats—				
No. 2	.....	.....	99	99
Timothy—				
Cash	.....	.....	7.50	7.47½
Dec.	.....	.....	7.50	7.47½
March	.....	.....	7.55	7.55
Alsike—				
Cash	.....	.....	10.75	10.75
Dec.	.....	.....	10.80	10.75
March	.....	.....	11.05	11.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Dec. 1.01⅛	1.01⅜	1.01¼	1.01⅝	1.01⅝
May 1.06¼	1.06¼	1.06	1.04¼	1.06⅛
July 99⅞	99⅞	99¼	99¾	99⅝
Corn—				
Dec. 65	65¼	64⅝	65⅜	65¼
May 66	66⅛	65⅞	66⅜	66⅛
July 65⅞	66⅛	.....	66¼	66
Oats—				
Dec. 47⅝	.....	.....	47⅝	47⅝
May 50¼	50⅝	50⅛	50¼	50¼
July 47¼	47⅝	47⅛	47½	47¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Dec. 1.06⅝	1.06⅝	1.06¼	1.06⅛	1.06⅝
May 1.11⅞	.....	1.10⅜	1.10⅞	1.11

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Dec. 1.01¼	.....	1.00⅝	1.01⅛	1.01⅜
May 1.05⅝	.....	1.05⅛	1.05⅜	1.05⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
Dec.	.....	.....	1.10⅜	1.10⅜
May	.....	.....	1.14⅛	1.14⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
Dec.	.....	.....	1.10⅜	1.10⅜
May	.....	.....	1.14⅛	1.14⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Jan. 15.65	.....	.....	15.70	15.72
May 15.90	.....	15.72	15.82	15.85
Lard—				
Nov. 8.97	.....	8.82	8.90	9.00
Jan. 9.00	.....	8.97	9.00	9.05
May 9.12	.....	.....	9.12	9.17
Ribs—				
Oct. 8.20	.....	.....	8.15	8.20
Jan. 8.12	.....	.....	8.12	8.15
May 8.25	.....	.....	8.27	8.27

New York Stocks.

Toledo, Oct. 24, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line.....	126	126	126	126
Am. Loco. com.....	24¼	24¼	24	24
Atchison	106⅝	107	106⅝	106⅝
Am. Car & F. Co....	48½	48½	47½	47¾
Anaconda	34½	34½	34¼	34½
Amal. Copper	53½	53⅝	53¼	53⅜
Am. Smelters	66⅛	66⅝	65⅝	66⅛
Am. Ag. Chem. com..	50	50	50	50
Am. Steel Fdy.....	30½	30½	30½	30½
Am. Tel. & Tel.....	135	135	134⅝	134⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd....	95⅝	96⅜	95⅝	96⅜
Am. Cotton Oil.....	46	46	44	44½
Am. Beet Sugar.....	58¾	59	58¼	58¼
Biscuit com.	128¼	128¼	128¼	128¼
Balt. & Ohio.....	97	97	97	97
B'lyn R. Trans.....	74¾	74¾	74⅜	74⅝
Cast I. Pipe pfd....	42	42	42	42
Canadian Pac.	230⅜	230⅜	230¼	230¼
Clover Leaf	19¾	19⅝	19¼	19⅝
Clover Leaf pfd....	43⅜	43⅜	43¼	43⅜
Ches. & Ohio.....	72	72⅜	72	72
Central Leather	21¼	21¼	21¼	21¼
Consolidated Gas....	139⅜	139⅜	138	138
Can. pfd.	85⅜	85⅜	85⅜	85⅜
Erie com	30½	31	30¼	30⅝
Erie 1st pfd.....	50⅜	50⅜	50	50
Gt. Northern pfd..	123⅜	123⅞	123⅜	123⅞
Gt. Northern Ore....	41¾	41¾	41⅛	41⅛
Int. Harvester com.	109	109	107½	107½
Interborough pfd	44½	44½	44½	44½
K. C. Sou. com.....	29	29	29	29
Laclede Gas	104⅝	104⅝	104⅝	104⅜
Merc. Marine pfd....	14⅝	14⅝	14⅜	14⅝
Missouri Pacific	40	41	40	41
M. S. M.	133⅝	133⅞	133⅞	133⅞
M. K. & T. com.....	31⅝	31⅝	31⅜	31⅝
Nor Pacific.....	116⅛	116⅝	116⅛	116⅝
Nat'l Lead.....	47½	47½	47½	47½
Nevada Con's	16⅛	16⅜	16⅛	16⅛
North Am. Co.....	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝
N. Y. Central	105½	105½	105½	105½
N. & W. com.....	106⅜	108⅛	106⅜	107⅝
N. & W. Con. 4's....	106⅝	107⅝	106⅝	107½
Ont. & Western	39	39	39	39
Penn. Ry	122⅝	122⅝	122⅜	122½
Pacific Mail	30½	30½	30	30¼
Reading com.	140¼	141⅜	140¼	140⅜
Rock Island	25¼	25¼	24⅝	24⅞
Rock Island pfd.....	47⅝	47⅝	47	47
Rep. I. and S. Co....	22½	22½	22	22
Rep. pfd.	84½	84½	83½	84¼
South. Ry.	28⅝	29¼	28⅜	28⅞
South. Ry. pfd.....	69⅝	69⅝	69⅜	69⅜
St. Paul	103⅜	103⅝	103⅛	103⅜
South. Pacific	109½	109½	109	109½
So. Pac. Con. 4's....	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝
Third Ave.	91⅝	91⅝	91⅝	91⅝
Texas Pacific	24⅝	24⅝	24⅜	24⅝
Tenn. Copper	56	56	56	56
Union Pacific	162½	162⅞	162⅛	162⅝
Union Pacific pfd....	91½	91½	91½	91½
Un. Pac. Con. 4s....	102	102⅛	102	102⅛
U. S. Steel	59⅝	60⅛	59⅛	59⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.....	103⅜	103⅝	103⅛	103⅜
U. S. Steel 5's.....	102½	102⅝	102½	102⅝
Utah Copper	44⅞	45	44⅞	44⅞
Virginia Chem.	47½	47½	46⅜	47¼
Wabash pfd.	25	25	25	25
Western Union	78⅝	79	78¼	78¼
Westinghouse	64⅜	64⅜	64	64

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 24—Wall Street.—Reading and International Harvester were advanced ½ on the opening of the stock market today and Underwood Typewriter's recent gain was increased by 1½. Union Pacific preferred and Western Union lost ⅝. Otherwise, the list held steady within small fractions of yesterday's close. Trading was unusually light.

Reading took the leadership in an upward movement, but although it registered an improvement of 1¼, profit-taking sales caused a loss of half of this advance, while United States Steel, American Smelting, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper and some other active stocks receded to slightly below yesterday's closing.

The dull routine of recent days on the stock exchange was followed throughout the morning session. Movements of stocks were unusually narrow. Reading was the most prominent feature and was the only stock in which there was any appearance of speculative interest. The Rock Island shares profitted moderately by the favorable annual report of the company. Renewed liquidation of American Cotton Oil which depressed to 44⅛, the lowest since 1909, was attributed to expectation of an unfavorable annual report. Virginia Caroline Chemical sagged a point in sympathy. Some of the railroad equipment stocks were also weak. American Locomotive pfd and American Car yielding 1, the preferred and New York Air Brake 2 points. Among the standard stocks there was little change in the second hour, but prices hardened gradually to about yesterday's closing.

Bonds were steady.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 24.—Butter, creamery extra, 32@32½c a pound; prints, 33@33½c; firsts, 31@31½c; seconds, 28½@29c; fancy dairy, 24½@25c; choice, 22c; process, extras, 27@27½c; process firsts, 25½@26c; prints, extra packings No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 15@18c; butterine, extras, 21c; firsts, 19c; standard, 17c a pound; common, 12@15c. Cheese, full cream fancy York state, 15½@16c; Ohio full cream, 14½@15c; Swiss No. 1, 17@18c; No. 2, 13@14c; brick cheese, 15½@16c; choice, 13½@14½c; limd cheese, 80c a box; Roquefort, 35c a pound; New York limburger, 15@17c. Eggs, fresh gathered, current receipts, 25c a dozen; do. seconds, 20c. Poultry, alive, chickens, heavy, 12½@13c a pound; light, 11@11½c a pound; ducks, 14½@15c a pound; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 17@18c. Apples, bushels, 40@80c; barrels, fancy, $2.50@3.00; crabapples, $4.50 a barrel; bulk apples, 65c@$1.00 a hundred pounds; Greenings, $2.40@2.75 a barrel; Kings, $3.00@3.75 a barrel; western box Jonathans, $1.65@2.20; snow, $4.00 a barrel; in boxes, $1.50@1.75. Potatoes, jobbing, best grades, 68@70c a bushel; store, 75c a bushel; car lots, 62@65c.

New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 24.—Flour steady but quiet. Wheat—Poor Liverpool cables and bearish northwest statistics caused an opening decline in wheat, which was followed shortly by a recovery on a bullish Australian crop estimate, reported big cash sale west and room covering; December, $1.06¼@1.06⅜; May, $1.10⅛@1.10⅜. Pork steady. Beef steady. Lard easy; middle west, $9.15@9.25 nominal. Raw sugar nominal; Muscovado, 89 test, 3.25@3.31c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5.75@5.81c; molasses, 89 test, $5.00@5.06c; refined easy and lower. Petroleum steady. Spot coffee unsettled; No. 7 Rio, 15⅝@15¾c; No. 4 Santos, 16⅜c. Molasses steady. Hay steady. Butter firm; receipts, 10,902; creamery specials, 32c; extras, 31c; first, 28@29½c; seconds, 25½@27c; thirds, 23½@24½c; creamery held specials, 30½c; extra, 29½@30c; firsts, 27½@28½c; seconds, 25@26½c; state dairy, tubs, finest, 30c; do. good to prime, 27@29c; do. common to fair, 24@26c.

Cheese steadier, receipts 2,819. State, whole milk, current make, average fancy, 14c. Eggs firmer; receipts, 12,025; fresh g

MUD FOUNDATION MAKES CITY OF MEXICO TOTTER

But Built Upon Such Soft Base, It Escapes Worst Earthquakes—Layer of Earth Said to Be Drying Up Rapidly.

The City of Mexico is in the center of one of the most highly seismic regions of the earth. It is tossed about many times a year by earthquakes, but until the one last week none of them has caused much loss of life and property. It has been supposed that this immunity from damage by earth tremors was due to the city being built on a bed of mud which acted like a stupendous shock absorber. Judging from the quake last week, in which nearly 100 persons lost their lives and about $500,000 worth of property was destroyed, this substratum of mud must be drying up.

It was Alexander Von Humboldt, the great explorer of the last century, who propounded the mud bed theory regarding the City of Mexico, which has been accepted ever since. Von Humboldt was an unusually inquisitive sort of scientist and traveler. He had been in the Mexican capital less than a week when an earthquake shock came along shortly after midnight and tipped him out of bed. Immediately he began enthusiastically collecting all the data about earthquakes in the valley of Mexico that he could get hold of. He questioned everyone, and the native Indians told him the protection from the disastrous consequences of earthquakes was due to the watchfulness of the gods of fire and thunder who dwell in Popocatepetl, the extinct snowcapped volcano, 40 miles to the eastward. They told him these gods, in ages long past, had buried the earth demon beneath the surface of the lake which once covered the entire valley of Mexico, and this spirit never would rise again until the lake disappeared.

Scientists Tell Little.

The scientists could tell him little. Architects and builders informed him the reason there were no cellars in the City of Mexico was that the water was still so near the surface. They said the foundations of the great buildings had to be exceptionally broad and their walls unusually thick because they rested upon a great blanket of conglomerate rocks, which began about 15 feet below the surface of the ground. This rock stratum is about 20 feet in thickness, and among the Mexicans it is called tepetate. It is soft when it is dug out of the earth and can be sawn into blocks like wood. It hardens on exposure to the air, and is the principal building material that is used in the construction of modern edifices in the city today. This tepetate is all that upholds the weight of the buildings of the City of Mexico. Where it has been placed by nature it is strong and elastic—especially the latter. Beneath it there is a bed of mud, a cushion as soft as a feather pillow, upon which it rests. No one knows how deep is this mass of semi-liquid earth. It has been explored by drills to the extent of 250 feet without finding bottom.

Learns Many Things.

Von Humboldt learned all these things. No one has learned anything more since. Von Humboldt deduced as his opinion that the City of Mexico never would be destroyed by an earthquake. He said unless the bed of mud beneath the city should dry up—which was impossible—one earthquake might follow another until eternity without overthrowing the massive walls which were a part of every great building.

Since Von Humblodt's day the valley of Mexico has been drained. In the last ten years the huge drainage canal, one of the greatest engineering feats on the western hemisphere, has been completed. Since it was finished it has been noted that the soil beneath the city has grown dryer and dryer to a great depth each year. The Mexicans are slaves to ancient custom and none of the architects has ventured to put basements or cellars as yet under the few steel skeleton structures which have been erected there of late. A few have been curious enough to dip deep enough to ascertain that the mud bed beneath the city is turning to solid earth. Now comes the earthquake, which proves that the shock absorber that nature placed under the Mexican capital is no longer as efficent as it used to be, simply because man has been tampering with it. The result will be that the people of Mexico, instead of dying slowly of typhoid as they used to do, are likely to pass away quickly in earthquake shocks hereafter.

This is borne out by the fact that the ancient buildings that were overthrown last week had stood the earthquakes of two centuries. Their walls were of concrete from 10 to 20 feet thick. The great municipal prison of Belem was built in the days when the viceroys ruled New Spain. It originally was a convent and a school for children. Its gray walls inclose about 10 acres of ground upon which are clustered groups of massive buildings. Little has been changed within, except that the vast rooms and corridors, once filled with nuns and children, now are peopled by about 10,000 of the lowest criminals in the world—the scum the police collect day after day. The place is filthy beyond description. Typhus and smallpox always are epidemic there. In the last five years foreigners have not been allowed to visit it. President Diaz said he was ashamed of the place, but conditions could not be bettered and the lower classes who were imprisoned there might as well die as live. There nearly was a jail delivery of those 10,000 human wild beasts when the earthquake tumbled down some of the massive outside walls last Wednesday morning just before dawn.

Wrecked Old Church.

The old church of Santo Domingo is another ancient structure that the earthquake wrecked. In days gone by it was the seat of the holy inquisition. It is one of the most beautiful church architectually in the world. It was built with walls so thick that it seemed as if nothing but a convulsion that would overturn mountains would have any effect upon it. It passed unscathed through perhaps a thousand earthquakes, but the one last week practically wrecked it.

When the "trembler" comes in the valley of Mexico the ground heaves like the long swell of the deep sea. The shocks last for from 30 seconds to three minutes. Then they cease and everyone waits for the second or recurrent wave, which is much milder. As a general thing the earthquake shocks do little more than spill the water out of the basins in the fountains in the parks, or, if they come at midday, the soup out of the plates of the people at luncheon.

Though the Mexicans are inured to earthquakes, they never can quite get over their distrust of them. When the earth begins to tremble nearly everyone drops to his knees wherever he may be. For the time being a pall of silence hangs over the city. The street traffic is hushed. Horses stand with their feet braced far apart. The only sound is the creaking of the timbers in the house. No plastering falls from the ceilings, because the ceilings are of cloth stretched tight and kalsomined. Persons who are indoors do not rush to the narrow streets for safety. Instead they stand beneath the archways of the portals that give egress to the streets. As soon as it is over the kneeling ones cease stammering their Latin prayer, cross themselves, rise and go about their business.

Woman's Description.

Here is an extract from a letter written by a woman who was in the City of Mexico at the time. It was her first experience.

"I had just written these words when I began, to my great astonishment, to rock up and down, chair, table and myself. Suddenly the room, the walls, all began to move and the floor to heave like the waves of the sea! At first I imagined that I was giddy, but amost immediately saw that it was an earthquake. We all ran, or rather staggered, as well as we could, into the gallery, where the servants were already ranged on their knees, praying and crossing themselves with all their might. The shock lasted about a minute and a half, and I believe did no injury except in frightening the whole population. All Mexico was on its knees while it lasted, even the poor madmen in San Hipolito, the great insane asylum that my husband had gone to visit. I have had a feeling of seasickness ever since. They expect a return of the shock in three or four hours.

"I cannot help laugh yet at the recollection of the face of a poor little clerk who had just entered the house with a package of letters. He did not kneel, but sat down upon the steps,

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ONE-PLY - - - - Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY - - - Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
THREE-PLY - Weighs 55 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipmeat.

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Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfactory guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to Southern Illinois National Bank.
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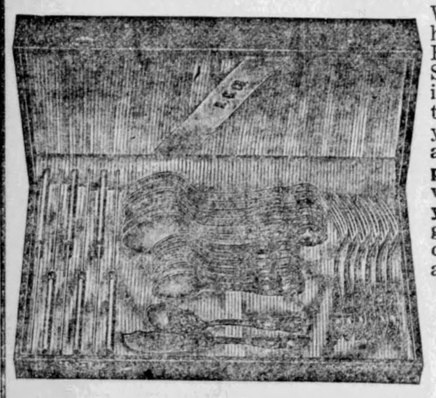

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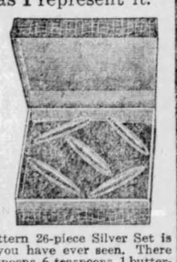

A Prize for Promptness!

I like prompt people, and if you are prompt I will reward you with a handsome set of Beauty Pins in a neat, plush lined case. I insist on promptness so don't delay a minute—write me today. Remember, you get this set of 5 beautiful rolled gold plate Beauty Pins in addition to the beautiful Silver Set, so write me today—at once. Be prompt!

A Most Elegant Set. This famous Rogers Rose Pattern 26-piece Silver Set is the handsomest set of siver you have ever seen. There are 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 butter-knife and 1 sugar shell. All full size and full weight. Docorated with the most beautiful rose imaginable and finished in the popular French Gray. You will be proud of this set of silver as long as you live on account of its beauty and quality and because it costs you absolutely nothing.

My Offer: I want every lady reader of this paper to grasp this opportunity NOW to own one of these Famous 26-piece Rogers Silver Sets in a leatherette Cabinet absolutely FREE. Just write me a letter and enclose 10c in silver or stamps as evidence of good faith, on your part. For your 10c I will mail you a set of the most beautiful post cards you ever saw. These cards are really worth 25c. Now, I ask you to send me the 10c merely to keep out curiosity seekers and children. All I ask of you is that you help me among your friends and neighbors on my great introductory offer. Something you can do easily and quickly. Write me today, enclosing 10c to convince me that you really want one of these 26-piece Silver Sets and that you are not a mere curiosity seeker. I will immediately send you the 15 fine post cards and arrange to place one of the famous 26-piece Rogers Silver Sets in your home free, charges paid.

Promptness Pays! Write Me Today.

V. A. KEMPER, Mgr., 1405 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

KNOX WON'T GO ON THE BENCH

Will Decline Any Offer to Succeed Late Justice Harlan.

Washington, Oct. 24.—In all the speculation relating to the successor to Judge Harlan on the bench of the supreme court of the United States it may as well be understood that the name of Hon. P. C. Knox, secretary of state, is not to be considered, although everybody who prepares a list of likely eligibles always includes him.

Secretary Knox has twice declined an appointment to the supreme bench and he remains of the same opinion still. When Justice Brown retired Knox could have had his place, and when Justice Brewer died the vacancy was tendered him. But in each instance Mr. Knox turned his back upon the honor without hesitating a second. The truth about Knox is that he has all the money he wants, and he proposes to live out the rest of his life in his own way, subject to no man's restrictions and entirely uncircumscribed in the liberty of his movements.

Mr. Knox loves the outdoors. Practically every morning of his life he is up at 6 o'clock and at his desk. By 9 usually all his mail is cleared up and for the rest of the day, unless some important duty intervenes, he is at liberty to put on his hat at any moment and slide out for a whirl at golfing, fishing, shooting or riding. The liberty to do this he would not trade for a place on the supreme bench, and nobody has better reason to be aware of it than President Taft.

Franklin K. Lane, member of the interstate commerce commission, takes little stock in the "Not without honor save in his own country" adage. Some eight or ten years ago he received a majority of the votes cast for governor of California, but the Republican candidate got the office because of a technicality in the law. But that race brought Lane to the attention of President Roosevelt, who nominated him for his place on the interstate commerce commission. During the past summer the commissioner paid a visit to his old home and the citizens of northern California, to the number of about 300, gave him a dinner, and to his astonishment started a favorite son movement then and there and pledged him the solid vote of the delegates from the entire Pacific coast for the Democratic nomination for president.

"What could I do?" said the commissioner as he told the story to a few friends after his return to Washington. "Born in Prince Edward Island and not eligible for the presidency if I could get it. Of course, I had to tell my friends the truth, but it was pretty tough, now wasn't it?"

Some grass-green congressman aunched one of these booms for the ate David B. Henderson before he was warm in the speaker's chair, and he very next day Cliff Berryman, the artoonist, had a big picture on the ront page of one of the Washington apers representing Speaker Henderon standing outside the high iron ence which encloses the White House rounds. The gates were double locked nd barred, and to the coat of the peaker, who peered wistfully through, as attached this tag: "Born in Scotand."

A few of the people who took part f the swing around the circle with President Taft have returned to Washington and one of them alleges that n one occasion—rare occasion—on this rip the President resorts to story-telling for the purpose of making a point. He tells one old hoary fellow used y Mr. Taft out in Kansas. A tactless ld chap connected with one of the eception committees got aboard the rain and handed the President a bunle of newspapers containing marked rticles criticising the administration, saying he thought the President might want to answer some of them. Now t irritates the President to be shown criticism of that kind, irritates him ot only at the criticism, but at the ne who circulates it. So he said to his man:

"My friend, I have no doubt you mean well, but you remind me of a rtain congressman who was riding n the railroad through that god-forsaken pine barren country up in northern Minnesota, where for miles round all one can see is blackened tree trunks, stumps and bare sand. He went into the dining car and was placed along side a lady weighing—well, weighing about as much as I do. The congressman paid no particular attention to her, but glancing past her t the forbidding landscape, involuntarily exclaimed, 'Heavens and earth, what a waste!' The lady turned a cold and scornful eye upon him and retorted with much emphasis, 'You just mind your own business, mister.'"

JAMES B. M'NAMARA ISN'T AFRAID--HE CALLS HIMSELF STRONG AS BROTHER "JOE"

Los Angeles, Oct. 23.—How would you feel, do you suppose, if you were on trial for your life?

How do you suppose James B. McNamara, accused of helping blow up the Los Angeles Times building, is impressed by developments in court? His is the greatest murder trial in history in point of interest. What do you suppose concerns him most?

"Actions speak louder than words," he replied when asked whether he was nervous and apprehensive. "Do I look anxious, or do I act that way? No, sir, I am not worried."

Undoubtedly he spoke truly when he said that he was not disturbed in mind over the chances of acquittal or conviction. His face is impassive, even when there is a prospect that a juror with a prejudice against him may be allowed to sit in the trial. As far as one may judge by appearances, he isn't the least afraid.

Here is the thing that concerns him most:

He doesn't wish anyone to think that his brother, John J. McNamara, is better equipped in fortitude or physique for the coming ordeal than he. This is the subject to which he constantly reverts in conversation.

"Joe is bigger than I am, and he looks stronger," he said to his interviewer during an intermission in the trial.

He always calls his brother "Joe." "People think from that that he is a better man physically. You know how it is sometimes in families. One sister, or one brother may be large and robust looking. Another sister or brother may look pale and sickly. Sometimes the sickly looking one may really have the best constitution. That's true, isn't it?

"They think I'm not very strong, but I'm just as good a man as Joe."

James is evidently borne up by a deep-seated confidence in the ability of his attornys. He seems to have not the slightest doubt but that they will secure an acquittal.

"Mr. Darrow is a big man," he said, "and there's nobody else in the country I'd rather have in charge of my case. That's not saying anything against the other lawyers on my side. They're all good men.

"Do Joe and I talk over the case after the sessions? No, Joe gets his information from the newspapers. We are kept in the same 'tank' at the jail, but we can't talk much about the trial because other prisoners might be listening to us. When I am brought back to jail after a session he may ask me some little question about whether a certain juror is still being questioned, but that's as far as it goes.

"Joe can't be in court now, and naturally he's anxious to know what's going on. It doesn't worry him, though."

James is a printer. He has worked in job offices in several cities, including Cleveland and Chicago. His demeanor is mild to a degree. His face is pale, and his eyes look weak enough almost to require the wearing of spectacles. He is not disturbed by the attention of deputies, and he does not seem cast down when an officer slips on the handcuffs to lead him back to his cell. Neither is there any evidence of an assumption of courage which he does not feel. He is genuinely unconcerned.

PASTOR HANGED IN EFFIGY.

Hyannis, Mass., Oct. 21.—An effigy of the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson hung today from the limb of a tall elm tree in the yard of the Baptist church of which the clergyman accused of the murder of Miss Avis Linnell, was formerly pastor. On a board nailed to the foot of the tree were painted these words:

"Guilty—Read Luke 17-2."

This scriptural reference is "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea than that he should offend one of these little ones."

SUPREME COURT IS TO HURRY

Washington, Oct., 24—A reform in the rules of the Supreme Court of the United States to expedite cases awaiting the courts action—some times delayed two or three years—has been inaugurated by Chief Justice White Hereafter the time for oral argument of cases will be three hours instead of four.

A new rule provides for a "summary docket," on which will be placed cases which the court believes should be especialy expedited. The court will arrive at a decision as to these after a motion has been presented to it, to affirm a decision in a court below. Only half an hour will be allowed each side for argument of cases on this docket.

The court also reduced from one hour to forty five minutes the time allowed for the argument of motions.

REBELS DEFEAT ROYALS

Troops Put to Flight by 15,000 Chinese Rebels at Kwang Shui.

Peking, Oct. 23.—The greatest battle of the revolution, far overshadowing in importance the engagement at Hankow, has been fought and won by the rebel army, according to apparently authoritative reports received here.

Fifteen thousand troops under the revolutionary general, Li Yun Hung, met and defeated the army of 20,000 men under the leadership of Gen. Yin Tchang, capturing the government artillery and immense quantities of ammunition and food supplies being conveyed by baggage train. The battle was fought yesterday at Kwang-Shui, Hu-Peh province. The government troops, utterly routed, retreated in confusion 30 miles to Sho-Got.

Rebels Occupy Two Cities.

Shanghai, China, Oct. 23.—The occupation by revolutionists of two more important southern cities, Chang-Sha and Nan-Chang, was announced in dispatches which reached this city early today.

Chang-Sha is the capital of the province of Hunanan, and Kan-Chang is the capital of the province of Kiangsi. Their capture, therefore, delivers into revolutionary hands the local governments of two important provinces, thereby more than doubling the territory in which the rebels are masters.

Chang-Sha, with 300,000 population, is the chief commercial center on the railroad between Hankow and Canton.

Four of China's 18 provinces are now regarded as under revolutionary influence—Sze-Chuen, where the movement started, Hu-Peh, of which Wu-Chang is the capital, Hunan and Kiangsi. The fall of Nanking, where the garrison is regarded as siding with the revolutionaries, would deliver to them the vice royal government of two more provinces, Kiang-Su and Ngan-Hwei.

The entire Yang Tse valley is gradually succumbing to the revolutionary infection. No uprising has yet been reported at Nanking, which is only 200 miles above Shanghai, but there is every reason to believe that the garrison there cannot be relied upon by the imperial government. Nanking is not only a great commercial center, but is also the most important military depot in central China and its fall would be the most severe blow which the government has yet received.

The government is taking steps for defense of Shanghai. During the past few days there has been much activity around the arsenal.

The situation is regarded here as most alarming. It is generally admitted that unless the government succeeds speedily in dealing a decisive blow to its adversaries, the revolution will spread of its own momentum over a great belt of territory across central China.

PASTOR TO GO TO COURT

Boston, Oct. 21.—Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, accused of the murder of a girl, will not be married Oct. 31 as he had planned. Instead, on that very day, he will appear in court to answer to the charge of poisoning Avis Linnell, his former sweetheart.

The pastor of Immanuel Baptist church, of Cambridge, awoke today somewhat refreshed, to begin his first full day in the county jail on Charles street. Today the police continued their work of gathering evidence in the case.

Richeson last night showed the greatest emotion he has exhibited when told that the family of Miss Violet Amanda, of Chestnut Hill, whom he had xpected to marry, had called off the engagement.

The young clergyman, whom the police declare they will prove the author of one of the most coldblooded crimes in the city's history, had placed all his hopes in the support of his fiancee and her family.

Already possessed of the story of a druggist who says he sold Rev. Mr. Richeson enough cyanide of potassium to kill ten persons shortly before young Miss Linnell died in her room at the Y. W. C. A., here on October 14, and the statement of one of the young woman's friends that Richeson's principal interest when told of his supposed fiancee's death was exhibited when he asked, "Did she say anything before she died?" The police assert they will fix the crime of murder on the clergyman.

According to Druggist Hahn's story, Richeson came to his store on the night of Tuesday, October 10, and intimated that he had merely come to Newton Center for a social call. He conversed for some time and spoke of his wedding, which was to take place on Oct. 31, at Newton Center.

Just previous to leaving he told Hahn that he had a dog at home that he wished to dispose of, and asked for something that would kill the animal. The druggist expressed surprise at the statement that the clergyman owned a dog, but Richeson said that he kept the animal at his room in Cambridge.

Hahn advised him to use chloroform, but Richeson said it left a disagreeable odor and its use was much trouble. He asked for a poison that would act more quickly and Hahn then said he would give him some cyanide of potassium.

Enough of the compound to kill three dogs was placed in a wide-mouthed bottle, and the druggist advised Richeson to be extremely careful in its use, adding that even the empty bottle would be dangerous if thrown away carelessly. He told the police that Richeson then asked for more of the poison, so as to be sure to kill the dog quickly.

The druggist said he then weighed out an additional lump that made the entire quantity enough to kill 10 people.

Phosphate Lands Valuable.

Phosophate lands which a year of two ago were withdrawn from entry for settlement by the federal government, constitute, it is said, the greatest known phosphate deposit in the world. These lands comprise nearly the whole of Uinta county, in Wyoming, and portions of Morgan, Rich and Cache counties in Utah, and of Bear Lake, Bannock, Bingham and Fremont counties in Idaho, making in all about 7,500 square miles of territory which is more or less underlain by phosphate rock. Besides these vast natural deposits, it is pointed out that the gases from the smelters at Butte and Anaconda, which are very injurious to vegetation, may be made to yield sulphuric acid for the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizers.

Wireless for Exploring.

Exploring the earth to discover the position of mineral ores is the latest use to which wireless telegraphy has been put. For the exploring apparatus with which experiments have been made by Dr. Lowy, of Gottingen, three holes in line are bored in the ground to a depth of about 300 feet, or in some cases there are four holes, one at each corner of a square piece of ground, which may be as large as 1,000 square miles. Wireless antennae are placed in the holes, each antenna being about 250 feet in height. By measuring the relative intensities of signals at one antenna sent from the others through the earth, the position of any mineral deposits can, it is stated, be estimated.

PASTOR UNDER ARREST

Cambridge Pastor to Face Court on Day Set for Marriage.

Boston, Oct. 20.—Rev. Charles F. Richeson, pastor of a Baptist church in Cambridge, is under arrest on a charge of first degree murder, following the death of Miss Avis Linnell, a student of the New England Conservatory of Music, a former fiancee of the accused.

The arrest was made at the home of Moses G. Edmonds, father of Richeson's fiancee, in Brookline.

For nearly seven hours eight police officers had been waiting outside of the Edmonds home in Brookline for an opportunity to make the arrest.

Bought the Poison.

Deputy Sheriff Watts said he received word last evening from Newton that William Hahn, a druggist of Newton Center, had sold cyanide of potassium to Richeson, whom he knew well, on the night of October 10. Mr. Watts himself at once interviewed the druggist, who, according to the police official, told the following story of the alleged sale:

"Rev. Mr. Richeson, whom I know well, came to my store on the night of October 10 and told me he had a troublesome dog which he desired to get rid of in the easiest way possible. I suggested that he chloroform the dog, but Mr. Richeson said he did not like the smell of the drug. I then suggested cyanide of potassium, and put enough in an open vial to kill three dogs. I warned the minister to be careful how he handled the potassium, and to destroy the vial after he had killed the dog.

"Mr. Richeson had sent me an invitation to his wedding with Miss Edmonds and before he left the store he told me not to forget to come. The minister also requested me to keep the sale of the cyanide of potassium a secret. I told no one until the Linnell case developed."

Avis Linnell, 19 years old, whose home was at Hyannis, Mass., was found dead in the bath room of the Young Woman's Christian association home in this city, last Saturday evening. At first it was believed that she had committed suicide, but later developments showed that she had unknowingly taken cyanide of potassium, given or sent to her by some other person, which she used in the belief that it would remedy physical conditions which were causing anxiety. Miss Linnell had previously been a friend of Mr. Richeson and it was understood at Hyannis that an engagement existed. Later, however, the clergyman became engaged to Miss Edmonds, whose father is a trustee of the Newton Theological institution, where Mr. Richeson studied for the ministry.

Richeson is 35 years old, and is a native of Rose Hill, Va.

Loaned Him Money.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 20.—Miss Patsey Felts, of Independence, Mo., who has been questioned by wire by the Boston police as to the past life of Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, is seriously ill at the home of her sister here. Eight years ago Miss Felts became interested in Richeson, who was then attending William Jewell college, at Liberty, Mo. It is said she loaned Richeson sufficient money to complete his education. Since his ordination as a minister Richeson has paid back the loan, according to Miss Felts' relatives.

REBELS KEEP RUNNING

Imperial Warships Are Retreating — Telegraph Lines Destroyed.

Shanghai, China, Oct. 20.—Revolutionists have won in their battle against the Chinese imperial troops at Hankow. The government warships have retreated down the river out of sight.

All telegraph lines from Hankow to Peking and Shanghai have been destroyed.

The retreat of the imperialists at Hankow is confirmed in other dispatches from Kin-Kiang, which state that the Chinese gunboats are retreating to Kin-Kiang. The conduct of the rebels at Hankow is reported to be exemplary. Martial law is being enforced.

Today's advices of rebel successes at Hankow caused great jubilation among the Chinese here. Previously they had been downcast.

The run on the banks here has stopped, but the native banks are unable to pay their outstanding checks and business is at a standstill.

Otherwise the situation here is quiet.

A rumor was current that the rebels had cut the railroad behind the imperial troops and captured Siaokan, 30 miles north of Hankow. Another native report was that the rebels held the railway tunnel at Sinyangchow, in the southern part of Ho-Nan province and about 100 miles north of Hankow.

Attempts to establish wireless communication between the capital and Hankow have thus far been fruitless.

Consular dispatches from Yun-Nan report persistent rumors of disaffection among the imperial soldiers. Both the modern troops and the local regiments threaten to mutiny because they have not been paid and refuse to march against the rebels in S Chuan.

The belief is strong here that a rious defeat of the government for as seems probable from the dispa from Hankow, would have such effect upon the country generally t it would fall ripe into the hands of revolutionists.

Amherst, Oct. 24.—Postmaster G eral Frank H. Hitchcock, who is a tive of this town, is expected here morrow to assist at the opening o postal savings bank. The bank be the first to be established in third-class postoffice.

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Sloan's Liniment is good for pain of any sort. It penetrates, without rubbing, through the muscular tissue right to the bone—relieves the congestion and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

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THOMAS L. RICE of Easton, Pa., writes: "I have used Sloan's Liniment and find it first-class for rheumatic pains."

Mr. G. G. JONES of Baldwins, L.I., writes:—"I have found Sloan's Liniment par excellence. I have used it for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall, and to my great satisfaction I was able to resume my duties in less than three weeks after the accident."

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Mrs. John Bye, Fairmont, Nebr., says: "Your treatment has reduced my weight from 203 pounds to 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now without pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband saves (a week) $1,000 to him and the children since I used your Kressilin Treatment."

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Editor's Note: Dr. Spillenger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.

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